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FAREWELL.

BY M. E. L.

The boat went drifting, drifting over the sleeping sea;
And the man that I loved the dearest sat in the boat with me.

The shadow of coming parting hung over the great gray swell,
And the winds that swept across it sobbed on, farewell, farewell!

The boat went drifting, drifting in the lingering northern light,
And the face that I loved the dearest paled with the paling light.

We strove to join light laughter; we strove to wake a jest;
But the voice that I loved the dearest rang sadly 'mid the rest.

The boat went drifting, drifting, while the dull skies lowered down,
And the "ragged rims of thunder" gave the rocky head a crown.

The boat went drifting, drifting, while to the darkening sky,
For the man that I loved the dearest the prayer rose silently.

O, true, strong hand I touch no more; brave smile I may not see;
Will the God who governs time and tide bridg him back to my life and me?

Lady Hutton's Ward.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

TEN YEARS passed away, and brought with them great changes to Brynmar Sir Ralph and Lady Erskine slept with their ancestors in the family vault. Lady Hutton was sole mistress of the Hall, and of the large fortune left by her father She heard once from Magdalen Hurst; and then a silence, deep and unbroken as the silence of death, hid the mother of Lady Hutton's ward from all who had ever known her.

The letter was a brief one, stating that she had found her husband, and, in accordance with her promise, never told him to whom she had confided her child. Hilda had been adopted, she said, by a lady who did not wish her name to be known. He seemed quite indifferent about it, and asked no questions.

Lady Hutton read correctly enough that a broken heart was revealed in every sad word of that letter.

Magdalen Hurst sent no address; she asked no questions, and Lady Hutton never heard from her again.

Day by day Lady Hutton grew fonder of her adopted daughter Hilda was taught to call her mamma, and in every way she was treated as her own child. No expense or trouble was spared in her education; the most accomplished governesses were provided for her.

The child spoke French and German fluently; she was a good musician and a skilful artist, but she excelled most in singing. Nature gifted her with a magnificent contralto voice, rich, passionate, and full of melody; cultivation and science did their utmost for it.

Once in a way Nature is thus kind; she will give a face such as one imagines an angel to wear, and with it she gives a voice that matches the face. She had been thus prodigal to Hilda Hutton.

Brynmar was situated in one of the most picturesque and beautiful parts of the Scotch highlands. Hill and mountain, river and lake, woods and dells, glens and valleys, were there in their highest perfection. Broad wolds were covered with the purple heather and golden broom; but the fairest portion of Brynmar was its bonnie green woods. The Hall was built near them, and one or two cottages were scattered around, and but for them the large rambling gray house would have been completely isolated. No other habitation was near; for long miles the woods extended; and when they ended the chain of lakes began. No home in Scotland was more picturesque or more lonely than Brynmar. Its quiet and solitude suited the widowed Lady Hutton; she was not one who could parade her grief. It was very rarely that the name of her dead husband or child passed her lips, but her heart lay buried with them. She was still young when Lord Hutton died, but from that time she bade adieu to the world. Her only source of happiness was her warm and deep affection for her beautiful young ward.

No one knew the girl's history; and even among the servants, only a small number knew that she was Lady Hutton's adopted daughter. Most people believed her to be the lady's own child. She was called Miss Hutton, of Brynmar; and it was generally known that she would inherit Lady Hutton's fortune.

Few visitors ever came to Brynmar. So the beautiful, graceful girl grew up like a rare flower in a deep shade. She loved her adopted mother. She was happy with her books and birds and flowers. Of the great world outside Brynmar she knew little, and cared less.

She was in many respects unlike other girls. For one thing, she had never associated with those of her own age. She had never talked pretty girlish tales about love and lovers. Dimly and vaguely she knew that there was a great and mighty gift given to most, and it was called "love." She never wondered if it would come to her. She wove bright fancies and fair visions; but the heart of a sleeping child was not more innocent than hers. If she ever thought about the future, it was but to see a bright continuation of the present. What could ever be dearer to her than her home at Brynmar? What could ever be dearer to her than the calm, gentle stately lady who loved her so well? She had no longing for the great world. The beautiful face that smiled amidst the blooming flowers was contented and happy; there was no restless eagerness in it, no vague hopes, no great wish. The course of her life was calm and serene, unruffled by love,—its depths unmoved by human passion. All that had to come. In her sleeping breast there lay a wondrous power of love and endurance,—powers that in after years were well tried.

No question ever came to Hilda as to what she would do with her life. Its calm, simple pleasures sufficed. She never looked beyond them.

But Lady Hutton was ambitious for her. Day by day she watched the growth of that wondrous loveliness, and built her hopes upon it. The world she had given up and ceased to care for should smile upon her ward. She spared no pains over her education, and she rarely allowed her to be long out of her presence.

There were times when Lady Hutton asked herself if she had done quite right. She had taken this young girl from her own natural sphere of life; she had taken her from her parents and brought her up in the midst of luxury and wealth as her own child. Had she done well in trying to alter and shape a human destiny to suit her own purposes? Should she not have been contented and resigned when her great bereavement came? These questions haunted her at intervals; but even had she been wrong it was too late now to undo what was done.

The cottage from which she had taken her could never again be a home for the graceful, accomplished girl, whose every word and action was full of refinement. The beautiful, young peasant mother could never now take her right place as superior to her child.

It was a serious thing to undertake to shape out or alter a destiny, and so Lady Hutton felt it. But her plans were all arranged; she hoped that Hilda would preserve her beautiful, child-like simplicity; nothing like it was ever seen in the great world. As soon as she reached her seventeenth year Lady Hutton intended taking her to London. With her beauty and prospects lovers in plenty would surround her, and from them Lady Hutton decided that she should choose the noblest and the best; but not one word of these plans did she ever mention to Hilda.

"Her heart will be untouched," thought Lady Hutton; "her fancy will be free. If I use my influence, she will marry whom I please, and that will be the most eligible man who presents himself. She will be something different from the general run of young ladies. I shall have no troublesome love affairs with her."

With her talents and wealth Lady Hutton could do much, but she could not control fate.

Once, and once only, had the girl asked any questions about her parents.

"Mamma," she said one day to the stately mistress of Brynmar, "I am not your very own daughter, am I?"

"Who has been talking such nonsense to you, Hilda?" was the impatient question.

"Elspie, your old housekeeper," replied Hilda. "She says I am your adopted daughter, and that I have another mother living away from here."

"Elspie will leave Brynmar if I hear of any more gossipping," said Lady Hutton, haughtily. "Listen to me, Hilda. You are my dear adopted child; no one else in this world has any claim upon you. I had a little daughter all my own once, and when she was taken from me, you supplied her place. You have no friend but myself."

"Lady Hutton," said the young girl earnestly, "who was my mother? Tell me something of her."

Her fair young face was very pale and wistful.

"There is nothing to tell you, my dear," replied Lady Hutton; "she was my friend—were children together—I adopted you; and surely, Hilda, you want no one else save me?"

Seeing that the very mention of the matter agitated and annoyed Lady Hutton, Hilda never alluded to it again; and as years passed on, and she grew older, the fact that she was only the adopted daughter of her stately benefactress grew more vague and indistinct.

It was a pleasant life when Hilda reached her sixteenth year, for then Lady Hutton dismissed her governess and masters.

"You must give yourself up to reading now," she said, "for a few months, and then I will take you into what you will think another world."

The large library was thrown open, and Lady Hutton selected the books, and Hilda read for the first time master pieces of poetry and prose that enchanted her. Such reading was the one thing wanted to complete and perfect her.

The beautiful young face which bent over the volumes was a poem in itself. It changed with every thought, sometimes glowing, bright and radiant, again sorrowful and half sad. From the fairy world of poetry and romance she learned something of the mysteries of life, the mystery of human love and human suffering—never dreaming it would one day reach her.

* * * * *

One beautiful morning in May, Hilda rose earlier than usual. Elspie had told her on the previous evening, that any lady who for nine mornings together bathed her face in May dew would be beautiful forever.

Hilda resolved to try it, and on this particular day rose with the sun while the dew still lay upon the flowers, little dreaming that the tragical story of her life would begin.

A golden glow seemed to have fallen over the earth when Hilda stood on the hill near Brynmar woods. The air was full of an indescribable melody and fragrance; the birds sang, the flowers bloomed, the hawthorn shone white upon the hedges; all was fresh, fair, and beautiful. Heaven seemed smiling upon the bright face of the earth.

There was plenty of dew upon the heather; it glistened on the long blades of grass, and shone upon the green leaves; and before long the fair young face was bathed in it.

An artist meeting Hilda then would have sketched her and called his picture, "The May Morning." She looked just as fair and bright; the violet eyes were clear and lustrous; the beautiful face tinged with the loveliest color, and the golden hair waving over her graceful neck and shoulders.

"I will walk home through the woods," thought Hilda.

The way was long and pleasant, and she lingered in the deep shades, watching with loving eyes the wild flowers that grew round the tall trees: watching the bees, which could never decide whether cowslips, blue-bells, or primroses were the most delicious and sweet; forgetting as the warm sunny hours rolled on, that Lady Hutton would be waiting for her, and that the time for breakfast had long past. While looking at the flowers some pretty, fantastic lines she had read came into her mind:

My own blue-bell, my pretty blue-bell,
I have come from the bower where the roses dwell;
My wings you view of your own bright hue,
And oh never doubt that my heart's true blue.

"What words!" said the young girl, laughingly, as she bent over the blue bell, "what words to put on a butterfly's lips!" Then in her rich, musical voice she began to sing them. The sweet voice rose high in the clear morning air, until one could have fancied the trees, and flowers, and wind, listened in hushed silence.

Hilda thought she was quite alone, singing, as she gathered the pretty blue bell; but down the broad wood-path there came a young and handsome man.

He stood for a few minutes silently watching the beautiful golden haired girl, doubting whether the figure before him was real. Turning suddenly, Hilda saw him, and a rush of color dyed her fair face crimson. He advanced towards her, holding his hat in his hand, and bowing reverentially, as though she were a princess.

"I beg you to forgive me if I have alarmed you," he said. "I have lost my way in the woods, and cannot find the path to the high road. Will you have the kindness to point it out to me?"

"The one to the right," raising her eyes to the handsomest and noblest face she had ever seen.

Then he should have bowed and left her, and then should have walked away, never once looking behind; but the sun shone and the birds sang. They were both young and beautiful and fair as the morning; and instead of leaving her he spoke again.

"These are bonnie woods," he said. "I have not seen fairer in all Scotland. They belong to the Brynmar estate, I believe."

Hilda bowed. She had not recovered her powers of speech. Who was this handsome stranger? Where had he come from?

"You are losing your blue bells," he said, gallantly.

He stooped and gathering them together again, offered them to her.

"Those were pretty words I heard you singing," he continued, "they are quite new to me. May I ask whose they are?"

Hilda forgot her shyness then, and told him that she had read them the day before, and could not forget them.

His eyes were riveted upon her beautiful face, his ears were charmed by the sound of her voice. He could have stood there, he thought, forever. Was ever picture so fair? In the soft light that fell through the green foliage, her fair face and golden hair shone brightly. He never forgot her as she stood then, with shy, drooping eyes and the blue-bells in her pretty white hands. He lingered until he knew he ought to go.

"Will you give me one of those flowers?" he said, touching the blue-bells; "just as a little memento of the most pleasant morning I ever spent and the most beautiful picture I ever saw—only one; I beg you will not refuse."

Half smiling, half coyly, she drew out a single flower, and offered it to him. His face flushed as he took it from her. Other words trembled upon his lips. He longed to tell her how beautiful, how fair and modest she was, and that he could never forget her; he longed to ask her name, where she dwelt, and why she was alone in the shades of Brynmar woods. But he did none of these things,—he bowed as he would have done to a queen, and left her.

* * * * *

Hilda Hutton went home; but life had all changed for her. Something new and beau-

tiful came in her thoughts by day, and in her dreams by night. She did not know why the face she had seen in Brynmar woods haunted her; why the sound of that voice never left her ears; or why each word he had spoken lingered in her heart.

In all her life she had seen nothing like this stranger. Few gentlemen ever came to the Hall. Lady Hutton's lawyer was one, a little old man, who wore a black wig; Dr. Greyling was another, and the good minister a third. They were all old, and said but little to her. This handsome stranger had looked at her with a strange light in his dark eyes. He had stood before her, the wind lifting the masses of dark hair from his brow, and he had bowed lowly and reverentially, as though she were a queen, and he her knight. Dr. Greyling and the minister never d'd that. Why was the morning so pleasant to him? What was the picture he thought so beautiful? In her dreams and fancies he took the princi pal part; and she could better understand now what had puzzled her before. If ever in years to come some one was to care for her, she hoped he would have the same face and the same voice as the stranger.

Hilda did not know that on this May morning, while she sung over the blue bells, and laughed at the butterfly, the first link was forged in a chain that was to bind her for life; for the bonnie woods of Brynmar were fatal to her, as they had been to her beautiful young mother, who years ago had learned there her first and only lesson in Love.

CHAPTER V.

"NOTHING seems to satisfy you, to content or to please you," said Bertie Carlyon to his friend and companion, the young Earl of Bayneham. "Here you are, young, tolerably good looking, a magnificent income all clear—no debts. You possess two Edens in the country and a palace in town; no matter what you want, you can have it. Now look at me, a poor, unfortunate younger son. My whole income would not keep me in cigars alone. I am over head and ears in debt; everything goes wrong with me: fate, love, and fortune, frown alike. Yet I look happier than you do."

"Do not tease me, Bertie; I am not in the humor for it," said Lord Bayneham, moodily.

"Neither for that or anything else," retorted Bertie. "What do you want that you cannot have? There is even a young and beautiful wife provided for you when you have time for the wooing."

The gloomy look deepened on Lord Bayneham's face.

"All you say is true, Bertie," he replied; "yet, in all sober truth, I declare to you I would give my rank, title, income, and all else I possess in the world, to be at this moment a free man."

"Free from what?" cried Bertie, in utter amazement.

Lord Bayneham made no reply, and a look of deeper gravity stole over his companion's face.

"You must trust me in all or none," said Mr. Carlyon. "I see you are changed; and, all jesting aside, you are unhappy. If I can help you, let me; if not, I can but sympathize in silence."

"If you would but be serious," remonstrated Lord Bayneham.

"I am," said Bertie; "laughing, with me, is second nature; but did I ever fail you?"

"No," said Lord Bayneham, "you never did; but you are so fond of joking over everything. What I have to say lies deep into my heart; if you were to smile I would never forgive you."

Not even a shadow of a smile crossed Bertie Carlyon's face; on the contrary, he looked half sorry, half vexed.

"'He jests at scars that never felt a wound,'" said Bertie. "Despite my love of laughing, I have suffered as keenly as most men. I can respect real sorrow when I see it, Claud, as you know well."

The two gentlemen were quite alone in what appeared to be the smoking-room of Lord Bayneham's London house. It was a large and lofty apartment, well furnished with divans, easy chairs, lounges, and sofas, whereon the lords of creation could smoke at their ease.

Bertie Carlyon lounged upon a couch drawn near to the window. He was smoking industriously. Lord Bayneham had tried a meerschaum that failed to please him, and he took up a cigar with no better result. He laid both down with a sigh, going up to the mantel piece he leaned dejectedly upon it, then sighed again.

"Have a game at billiards?" asked Bertie.

"It is too warm," replied the young earl.

"Let us join the ladies and have some music," suggested Carlyon.

"I am tired," said Lord Bayneham, wearily.

Then his friend reproached him for not being happy and contented.

"I can respect true sorrow," continued Bertie, "but not fancied woes. I have seen something of the darker side of life. What is your trouble, Claud? It is not poverty, debt, or ill-health,—what else can make a man unhappy and dissatisfied?"

"I will tell you," replied Lord Bayneham. "I know you will guard my secret as you would your own life. I am engaged to marry one woman—good, amiable and true, while I am passionately in love with another."

It must be recorded to Bertie's disgrace that, for all answer, he indulged in a low, prolonged whistle.

"That is a serious business," he said at last. "I thought you were to marry Barbara Earle next year!"

"So it was arranged," replied Lord Bayneham. "Is it be right to marry one woman while the face of another haunts you—comes before you in dreams by night—looks at you all day—stands between you and the face you ought to love—fills your heart with a love that defies despair;—if that be right, then next year I shall marry Barbara Earle."

"But who in the world have you fallen so deeply in love with?" asked Bertie, aghast at his friend's earnest, impassioned manner.

"If I could but tell you," said Lord Bayneham, with a sigh,—"a myth, a fairy, a nameless, beautiful vision."

"But that is nonsense," said his practical friend. "Visions are all very well,—I like something more substantial. Where did it appear to you?"

"You promised to be serious, Bertie," replied his friend reproachfully. "I will tell you where I saw it. Do you remember in May I went to Scotland with Trevors and Higham?"

"I remember," answered Bertie.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

All Right Now.

BY F. B ST. JOHN.

"YOUNG people," said aunt Anna, "I don't know that I quite approve of this sort of thing."

"But we're engaged, aunt Anna," said Redmond Graystone, exultingly.

"Yes, aunt Anna, we're engaged," murmured Gertrude Ennis, with reddening cheeks and down-drooping eyelashes.

"Humph!" commented the old lady.

"And Redmond is going West to make his fortune," added Gertrude; "and when he comes back we're to be married."

"Yes—when," drily remarked the aunt.

"It will be very, very soon," said Gertrude.

"The time will pass before we know it," declared hopeful Redmond.

So the young people plighted their troth, kissed each other once again, and then parted.

"I shall be thinking of you, darling, morning, noon and night," said Redmond, in a husky voice.

"And I shall never, never cease to remember the engagement ring on my finger," said Gertrude, trying to speak firmly through the tears.

Redmond Graystone went West to become chief partner in the firm of Graystone & Gray—not a very inspiring firm as yet, but one that was full of bright hopes and youthful ambition.

"We cannot starve at the very worst," said Redmond Graystone.

"If we do we'll know the reason why," said Robert Gray, buoyantly.

And every few weeks brought Gertrude Ennis hopeful letters, which she treasured as a miser does gold, and smiled and wept over, long after everybody else in the house was in bed.

Business throve, the young firm prospered—and still Redmond did not return to claim his bride.

"I don't believe in long engagements," said aunt Anna, restlessly. "You might have been married a dozen times if you hadn't been tied to Graystone."

"As if I'd marry anyone but Redmond!" said Gertrude, indignantly.

All at once, however, the letters stopped coming.

"There," said aunt Anna; "didn't I tell you so? Men are as fickle as the weather-vane."

"The mails are only delayed," said Gertrude; "I shall get all the letters in a heap next week."

But she did not.

No more letters came and aunt Anna began to press the cause of Squire Miller, a portly and wealthy widower.

"He loves you, my dear," she urged to Gertrude.

"He has no business to love an engaged girl," said Gertrude.

"But it's all the same as if you were free," coaxed the aunt.

"No, it isn't!" cried Gertrude.

Aunt Anna looked pityingly at her.

"Oh, my dear," she cried, clasping her wrinkled hands, "Redmond Graystone is not worthy of you."

"He is!" protested Gertrude, wildly.

Fanny Leslie, the village dressmaker, who was altering aunt Anna's best silk dress for her, shook her head solemnly.

"I've a cousin out in Colorado," said she; "and he sends me the Colorado papers, now and then, to show he hasn't forgotten me. And——"

"Stop!" cried Gertrude, "you are only leading me up to something else. What have you to tell me?"

"Show her the paper, Fanny," said aunt Anna.

It was a month old semi-weekly, worn at the edges, and somewhat blurred, but still not a discreditable looking specimen of enterprise.

And in one column was a paragraph which read thus:

"We are pleased to chronicle the brilliant marriage of Mr. Redmond Graystone, senior partner of the firm of Graystone & Gray, of Aurusville, with Miss Sparkle, of Denton, of whose great wealth and romantic history it is quite unnecessary for us to speak. The happy pair will soon take possession of the modern palace in Aurusville, which has for some time been in process of construction, and——"

The paper dropped from Gertrude Ennis' hand.

"Quick, Fanny, a glass of water," said aunt Anna; "she's going to faint."

"No, I am not," said Gertrude; "only—only——"

And she did faint.

People do not die of broken hearts.

Poor little Gertrude Ennis wished they did.

And the sun rose and set—and the radiant springtime blossomed all over the land—and new troubles came to swell the cup of sorrow which Gertrude had deemed to be already full. The Dewdrey Savings Bank failed, and kind aunt Anna, who had filled a mother's place to her orphan niece, was left utterly destitute.

"I can go to the 'Old Ladies' Home,' I suppose," said aunt Anna, in a mournful tone.

"Indeed you shall not," said Gertrude, "I will support you."

"Poor child," said aunt Anna, "what can you do?"

"I can teach," asserted Gertrude.

"There are no positions to be had," said aunt Anna.

"I can sew."

"And be elbowed out of business by a hundred trained seamstresses, each of whom is far better than yourself," sighed aunt Anna.

"I can work out," cried Gertrude, in despair.

"With that little fragile figure, those tiny white hands? My poor darling, you are talking idly," said the old lady. "There is only one way in which you can help me. Squire Miller was here yesterday, with a renewal of his very generous offer. He says that when'd you consented to honor him by its acceptance, Miller Manor will be my home equally with yours, and——"

Gertrude looked intently at aunt Anna's white, troubled face, and drew a gasping sigh.

"He—he is very kind, indeed," she said. "And after all, what difference does it make to me, so long as aunt Anna ends her days in peace. Yes, I will write to Squire Miller now."

So she sat down and wrote:

"DEAR MR. MILLER—I will be your wife if you will promise to be kind to aunt Anna.

Very truly yours,
GERTRUDE ENNIS."

"A curious love letter," she said to herself," as she read it over, with a bitter smile. "But I cannot manufacture high-sounding sentences to suit Squire Miller's middle-aged tastes."

Little Tommy White was playing marbles in front of the door.

She opened it.

"Tommy," she said, "do you want to earn ten cents?"

"Don't I though," said Tommy, springing to his feet.

"Then carry this letter straight to Squire Miller's house. Here's the money, and mind you don't spend it foolishly," said Gertrude.

She stood looking after him with a curious numb sensation at her heart, as if nothing in this world mattered particularly any more.

She watched the erratic flight of a butterfly over the pinks and larkspurs in the garden bed.

She listened to the click of the factory machinery down in the hollow, and wondered if the late freshet had raised the bed of the river much, and——

"Gertrude!"

A dream, of course.

She had had that dream often before, and wakened from it with a sense of sick desolation at her heart.

Yes, a dream; but it seemed strangely real this time.

"Gertrude, my darling, don't you know me?"

And she was in Redmond Graystone's arms.

He had made his fortune, he told her, when at length she was able to comprehend the purport of his discourse, and had started for home, without notifying her of his intention, hoping to make it an agreeable surprise.

But he was taken ill at Chicago, and lay delirious for weeks.

"There was a time, dearest," he said, "when I feared that I should never more look upon your dear face. But I should have been still more uneasy had I imagined that you had seen that blundering paragraph in the Colorado paper. It was my partner, Robert Gray, who married the heiress. But here I am, darling, and it is all right at last."

"Except——" said Gertrude, with a sudden thrill of memory, as she remembered the letter she had sent to Squire Miller.

But at that moment she caught sight of Tommy White, idly stoning the chickens on the road-side.

"Tommy," she called, "come in here at once."

Tommy hung his head and obeyed, with lagging footsteps.

"I didn't mean to do it, Miss Gertrude," said he. "And I was coming back to tell you so I was."

"To tell me what, Tommy?"

"I lost the ten cents," said Tommy, "a-hunting a squirrel."

"Never mind the money," said Gertrude; "I'll give you more."

"But I lost the letter, too—dropped it clean over into the mill-dam. Please, Miss Gertrude, I won't never do so again—'deed I won't."

"Tommy!" cried Gertrude, "you're a little man! Here's a dollar for you—and now be sure you let the squirrels alone for the future."

And Tommy left in great glee, while Gertrude told her lover how near she had been to accepting Squire Miller's offer.

"But it's all right now," said she.

"Yes, it's all right now," said Redmond Graystone.

OLD SAYINGS.—The English language is from time to time enriched by striking phrases and happy turns of expression, which enter into such common use, that their authorship is almost invariably overlooked. Of these Samuel Butler is perhaps one of the most neglected. "True blue," the author of "Hudibras" used to characterize, not the tory of his day, but the Presbyterian. He also it was who first introduced the expression, "the main chance," in its modern meaning. We speak of a sharp witted fellow "outrunning the constable;" and again we are unconsciously beholden to Butler. And once more we echo him when we speak of "getting the wrong sow by the ear." Another similarly ill treated author is Alexander Pope. His age was, indeed, specially prolific of telling phrases. Dean Swift, in "The Tale of a Tub," first alluded to bread as "the staff of life;" and Dryden first originated the idea "a green old age."

When we speak of "a feast of fat things," it may be that some of us rightly attribute the phrase to its author, the Prophet Isaiah, but it does not appear to be as generally remembered that "death in the pot" comes to us from the Second Book of Kings, and that "darkness which may be felt" is the literary property of the author of the Book of Exodus. The expression "a dim religious light" may be found in Milton. Colley Cibber took into his head that he could greatly improve upon Shakespeare's tragedy "King Richard III.," and made various additions to the play, many of which have curiously enough entered into the language. Among these we may notice, "So much for Buckingham!" "Richard's himself again!" and "My soul's in arms and eager for the fray!" The phrase "comparisons are odious" is almost invariably written without quotation marks. It occurs in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy."

The origin of the term "the midnight oil" is hard to trace; but it occurs in Quarles, in Shenstone and in Gay, and was probably invented by the first. "Devil take the hindermost" opens another difficult problem; but perhaps Beaumont and Fletcher may claim the phrase, which was used in later days by Butler, Prior, Pope, Burns, and half a dozen more. "Diamond cut diamond" is traceable to Ford's "Lover's Melancholy," where it may be found in the form "diamonds cut diamonds." "Turn over a new leaf," says Middleton in "Anything for a Quiet Life;" and it was Mrs. Malaprop, in Sheridan's "The Rivals," who first owned "the soft impeachment." Goldsmith, in "She Stoops to Conquer," introduced us to "the very pink of perfection." It was Thomson who first spoke of teaching "the young idea how to shoot," and it was Bacon who enunciated the aphorism that "Knowledge is power."

When a father takes up a child to show him pictures, ten to one he holds the book at such an angle as to suit his own vision, and not that of the little one. Yet the little one's sight is the one to be favored. How true it is that the preachers and teachers of religious truth too often hold that up where they can best see it, and not where those of whom they have charge can best see it.

"Ma, go down on your hands and knees a minute, please." "What on earth shall I do that for, pet?" "'Cause I want to draw an elephant."

Public opinion is a second conscience.

A FRIEND'S WISH.

BY J. G. HANLE.

A Happy New Year, and a second, too,
And then a third, and more and more, until
The shining course of happy years shall fill
Its cycle, and your spirit shall renew
Existence in a sphere advanced and true
To all her higher instincts, happier still
And larger growing, working out God's will
And yours, and making one will of the two;
Ranging creation swifter than the light,
Piercing its secrets' innermost recess;
Say, if I wish you this do I, with slight
Presumptuous, beyond reason's limits press?
Not so, dear friend—I am, I must be, right;
I wish you nothing if I wish you less.

Through Storm and Rain.

BY ANNIE PAIN.

BOOM! Above the wild wind and through the weird darkness came the, unhappily, too familiar sound to the ears of the fishers of Gairfin.

It was the period of the equinoctial gales, and this year they had been terrific. Never could any inmate of Gairfin remember such.

This night, when the worst gale that had yet been was raging, some hours before dawn the minute gun had startled man and woman from their beds.

The gales were not to pass without one wreck, for no ship came within gun-sound of the rocks and reef of Gairfin, with a west wind blowing dead in shore, and escaped annihilation.

Hope for the vessel there was none. They had but to wait the result. They could do no more. Rockets, life-boat they had not. Their fishing boats it would have been simple insanity to seek to launch in such a sea, and in teeth of such a wind.

The minute gun had ceased. What had become of the ship none knew for awhile, as the roar of the wind and wave dominated all other sounds on sea and land. Even Morna Kyrle's piteous cry of "Heaven have mercy on them, and bring them safe to land!" was but half heard by Ahmet Strone, who stood pale and anxious, peering into the darkness, by her side.

Twice had Ahmet made the attempt, single-handed, to launch the boat and endeavor a rescue, but had been held back from the mad purpose. Yet he had not relinquished it until Morna, resting her hand on his arm, and lifting her large dark eyes to his, had said:

"You must not go, dear Ahmet—you must not!"

The little word "dear" thrilled his very nerve, and he became docile as a child. To him Morna's wish was law. He loved her with an intensity of passion, the deeper because it was unconfessed.

Unconfessed! Yes, and must ever be so. What chance had he, humpbacked, deformed, of winning the heart of beautiful Morna, the pride of Gairfin?

"She is gone," remarked an old sailor. "It's no use one stopping here. We may go to our beds again."

Some took his advice, others yet waited, waited until the sun rose large and red in fog.

Three hours later, what a change! The clouds that had fled away had carried the storm with it, the wind had veered to the south, and the ocean, sobbing like a child after violent passion, laid glittering and sparkling in the soft sunshine. The life of Gairfin dropped back into its old routine, the fishermen began to be busy with their nets and boats. The wreck seemed almost forgotten. Every portion of it had been swept round the island by the altered wind, for not any was washed ashore.

The only one upon whom the recollection rested heavily was Morna Kyrle. Her path was up the crags towards the lighthouse. Every now and then, ignorant of the charming picture she made she paused, shaded her eyes from the sun, and scanned the ocean. The fourth time she started. Some hundred yards from the beach was a sailor, one of the crew of the ill-fated ship, lashed to a mast.

Swift as a mountain goat, the girl descended the narrow path to the beach. Mending a tear in his net was Ahmet Strone.

His eyes brightened into a vivid glow at the sight of Morna, and hardly was her story told than he was pushing his boat down to the sea.

The space to traverse was small, and soon Ahmet Strone brought the boat alongside. Seizing the mast, that rose and fell on the heaving sea, to steady it, he and Morna leaned forward, regarded anxiously the man it supported.

"This is no common sailor, Morna," said Ahmet. "Can he be dead? Do you think we could get him into the boat?"

"Dead!" exclaimed Morna, starting as one from a dream. "Pray Heaven, not! Get him in! Of course! See, I will cut the lashings while you support him. Have you your knife?"

When he lay at the bottom of the boat, that Ahmet now swiftly rowed to land, Morna could not remove her gaze from the still, handsome sailor!

The proceedings of the two had not been unseen by those on the shore; and when the boat reached it, a dozen rough hands were ready to draw it high on the beach.

Their story was soon told, and quietly the sailor was lifted from the boat.

"He is a captain, sure," said one. "See the rings on his finger. Where shall we take the poor lad—to the inn?"

"There is no need whatever," put in Morna, with quiet decision. My father's dwelling is nearer; and no nurse in Gairfin is like my mother."

So there they took him.

From that day a new existence had opened to the girl. The world itself had changed to her, why she could not tell.

He gradually recovered, and before Morna was quite conscious of her own feelings, he had read them, not without considerable satisfaction; and his glances had become more tender, his voice lower, sweeter in her ears.

His name was Kenneth Anderson, and he was the captain of the wrecked vessel. He had sent a message to the mainland to be forwarded to his owners, promising to follow directly his strength was restored; but he delayed and delayed, yet Mrs. Kyrle made no complaint, only nodded her head sagaciously.

There was only one person in Gairfin with whom handsome Kenneth Anderson found no favor. That was Ahmet Strone. Why? He could not tell. Only he had a vague feeling of having seen the captain before.

He had hinted something of his suspicions to Morna, but her indignation had been expressed in words that had cut the young fisher to the heart. Yet even he guessed not why she was so angry.

Captain Anderson had been at Gairfin three weeks, when one morning, while seated at the Kyrle's humble breakfast table, he abruptly announced his intention to depart for Glasgow. He could no longer idle away time that justly belonged to his owners, who had promised him another ship.

But he took advantage of Morna's wandering forth to the rocks to follow her and declare his love for her, his deliverer. It was a passionate outburst, and he concluded with: "You would not let me go alone, my Morna—would you not come with me as my wife?"

As he spoke, he had placed his arm round the waist of the agitated, happy, trembling girl, and drawn her gradually to him.

"Oh, is this true?" she murmured. "You love me—a fisher's daughter?"

"To me you are a queen!" he answered. "Is it true, sweet love? Look into my eyes, and read! Their language is as truthful as my lips, for it is that of my heart!"

She tried to comply, but could not encounter his ardent gaze, that told his affection better than speech. A vivid blush spread over her face, her lip quivered with a happy smile, and her head dropped on his shoulder.

Nearly two hours later, Ahmet Strone sat on the beach, his brows contracted, his eyes bent seaward. But he was not watching the fishers that had started that morning without him.

For the last two or three days he had known, as if it had been whispered in the air, that Morna loved Captain Anderson, and he had been seized with a feeling of horror. He had tried to attribute it to jealousy, but was too honest to deceive even himself.

"If" thought the fisherman, "I could remember where I have seen those features!"

Then he started up, hearing a light footfall that he well knew. Morna Kyrle, a bright, happy smile in her eyes, was advancing towards him.

"Ah, Ahmet," she said, "not fishing?"

"Not to-day, Morna. Where is the captain? Is it true what I heard an hour ago—that he is about leaving Gairfin?"

"Yes. He thought of starting to-morrow, but now he will stay a few days longer—for, Ahmet"—her eyes fell—"I am going with him."

"You—you—going with him?" gasped the fisher.

"Yes, dear Ahmet, as his wife. Congratulate me."

"I cannot, Morna," cried the young man, after a violent effort to control himself. "On the contrary, I pray, entreat of you not to wed him."

"What! Not wed him? Why?"

"Because, Morna, something whispers me he is not worthy of you."

"This, Ahmet, is absurd."

"No; it is sense. What do you know of this man? Ah, if hearts, not figures, were regarded," he smiled. "But"—with change of manner—"it is of you, not of myself, Morna, I am thinking. Betroth yourself to Captain Anderson; but, for the sake of those who love you, do not wed him until you know more of him."

"Ahmet, you mean kindly, but it is absurd! I am content with what I know, so are my father and mother. Next Tuesday week I and Kenneth will be married."

"So soon?" cried Ahmet, staggering back. But, Morna, perhaps offended, for her love was great, had turned, and walked rapidly away up the beach.

That afternoon Ahmet Strone put forth to sea. When the night fell he had not returned. Days passed, yet he did not come back.

Morna's wedding day arrived. Still he came not.

If the saying, "Happy the bride the sun shines on," be true, it might be supposed that misery was in store for Morna, though she smiled so sweetly, for a fierce gale tore over the island of Gairfin, recalling the night of the wreck.

Suddenly through the rain clouds that touched the waves appeared a dark speck—a boat, making for shore—that terrible, dangerous shore, in such a wind!

But he who, evidently with a skilled hand, guided the little craft, seemed heedless of danger. With every muscle strung he worked, his white, firm countenance directed landward—eager, anxious!

It was Ahmet Strone, and continually he murmured:

"Pray Heaven I be in time!"

The wedding party had gathered round the altar. The ceremony commenced.

Suddenly above the howling tempest rang a voice through the church:

"Stop! This marriage must not, shall not proceed! I forbid Morna Kyrle's union with that man!"

All turning, beheld Ahmet staggering up the aisle, bearing a woman in his arms.

Suddenly Ahmet drew a paper from the woman's pocket, and gave it to Morna.

"It—it is the marriage certificate of Annie Greane with that villain. Morna, I have been in time to save you."

And with these words Ahmet Strone dropped insensible on the floor.

In the confusion that ensued, Kenneth Anderson escaped. Dreading the wrath of the enraged people, whose hospitality he had outraged, he got a boat and put to sea, trusting to battle with the storm, and reach another island.

It was a mad attempt. The next day his body was washed up on to the beach before the very door of the poor girl who once had saved him, and who, in turn, he would have wronged.

The exertions Ahmet Strone had gone through to reach Gairfin in time resulted in a long illness, during which Mrs. Kyrle and Morna were his nurses.

One evening, as Morna was alone with him kneeling by his bed, his hand in hers, she said:

"Ahmet, my lesson was a hard one, but I have learned it, I hope. Henceforth, I regard hearts, not figures. You saved more than my life—my honor, dear Ahmet. You have confessed that your love is mine. Is mine worthy for you to take in return? If so, it is yours, and yet I am your debtor!"

Need Ahmet's reply be given?

THE SIOUX SUN DANCE.—This is the largest of the Indian tribes, numbering 40,000 while the average number in a tribe is 3 000 In their religious belief there are points of resemblance to that of the ancients, for they believe not in one good and one evil spirit, but in many. Their polytheism gives to the rock, the forest, the mountain chain and the stream each its own good and evil destiny Misfortunes they charge to the evil gods, so that they seek to propitiate them and pray to good and bad alike. Their most solemn religious ceremony is the smoking of the calumet to the Great Good Spirit. When the chiefs have assembled and are squatted in a circle the eldest among them takes the calumet and holding it towards heaven exclaims solemnly: "Smoke first, thou great Spirit, giver of good." Then he holds it downward, saying: "Thou next, mother earth, giver of crops." In haling next three mouthfuls of smoke which he exhales heavenward for incense, and passes the pipe to the next, where the ritual is repeated. Before embarking on a lake they throw a twist of tobacco as far out into the water as they can send it, as an offering to the lake spirit. Their respect for their gods is so great that in their own language they have invented no expletives. When a Sioux wishes to swear he must do it in English. Their dances are all forms of worship, the three principal among them being the war, the medicine and the great sun dances. When a young brave is anxious for distinction in his tribe he attempts to signalize himself in the atrocities of the great sun dance. It lasts three days, commencing at sun down, and the participants fast during the entire period It is intended to gain the favor of the Great Spirit who dwells in the sun, and as the sun rises on the commencement of the dance, the braves salute it in chorus with their knives bare Long ropes of rawhide are ready, dangling from a sapling, and, as the sun comes above the horizon, each Indian seizes a rope, puts two gashes an inch deep and about the same distance apart in his back or side, runs his knife through the flesh between them, and withdrawing it passes the rawhide rope through the wound and ties it, dancing and throwing his weight on the rope for hours at a time until the flesh is torn loose and he falls exhausted to the ground. If the flesh holds too long a friend will come and give him a push. When he has fallen his comrades gather around him and say that he will be a great chief.

The father who in writing to his wife, begs her give his love to "the dear girls," his daughters, wished it understood that he used the word in its financial sense—the brute.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—If a person of fair complexion exposes himself to the electric light for some time in examining the action of lamps, the hands and cheeks will show all the symptoms of "sunburn" even in midwinter, and he will develope freckles on his countenance as quickly as when he goes about unprotected by a sun umbrella in midsummer.

JOSEPHINE'S MUSK.—The Empress Josephine was very fond of perfumes, and above all of musk. Her dressing room at Malmaison was filled with it in spite of Napoleon's frequent remonstrances. Many years have elapsed since her death, and the present owner of Malmaison has had the wall of that dressing room repeatedly washed and painted; but neither scrubbing, nor aqua-fortis, nor paint has been sufficient to remove the smell of the good Empress's musk, which continues as strong as if the bottle which contained it had been but yesterday removed.

JAPANESE PARENTS.—Travelers through Japan never cease to admire the fondness of parents for their children. It is most amusing, about six every morning, to see twelve or fourteen men sitting on a low wall, each with a child under his arms, fondling and playing with it, and showing off its physique and intelligence. At night, after the houses are shut up, looking through the long fringe of rope or rattan which conceals the sliding door, you see the father, who wears nothing but a shirt, in the bosom of his family, bending his ugly, kindly face over a gentle looking baby, and the mother, who more often than not has dropped the cloak from her shoulders, enfolding two children destitute of clothing in her arms.

THE BURIED CITY.—The unearthing of Pompeii is still going forward, promising much for the future. There was recently discovered the body of a woman who had fallen clutching a bag of gold. The hardened ashes became a mould of the victim. And in this case the crust did not break. Into the cavity plaster of paris was poured. The result was a perfect cast of a woman as she died, gripping her bag of ninety pieces of gold, two silver vases, some jewelry and keys. Hurrying along the street she had tripped and fallen on her side. Her arm is raised and twisted. Her hand, beautifully formed, is clutched in despair, the nails entering the skin. The head dress, face, tissue of garments, and rings on her fingers, are reproduced exactly.

SAXON AND NORMAN.—Nearly all the animals while living go by the name given to them by our SAXON forefathers, but when dead they take the Norman name belonging to the class. The bullock, steer, cow, heifer, stag, and bull are changed to the French "beef," meaning the bovine species in general; the wether, ewe, stag, buck or ram are changed to mutton from the French word "mouton," meaning sheep So calf is changed to "veal," from the French "veau." This, unlike the others, is a synonymous word. In like manner pig, shoat, barrow, sow, hog and boar are changed to "pork" from the French "porc." The Saxons were the producers and the Normans as the ruling class became the consumers, and ruled the market. Hence while the Saxons retained their names in every day use, when the meat was taken to market it must needs go by the Norman name

THE ADJUTANT BIRD.—The adjutant is one of the most voracious and carnivorous birds known. From tip to tip of its wings, when stretched out, it measures about fourteen or fifteen feet, and it is five feet high when standing erect. Well founded stories of its voracity, however, are by no means uncommon. With the adjutant, all is fish that comes to its net Everything is swallowed whole. In the stomach of one, a land tortoise, ten inches long, and a large male black cat, have been found entire. A shin of beef, broken asunder, serves an adjutant for but two morsels; and a leg of mutton, five or six pounds weight, if he can purloin it—for he is a terrible thief—is no more than a fair ordinary mouthful. Fortunately, the courage of the adjutant is not equal to its greediness; for a child, eight or ten years old, can frighten it with a common switch, and compel it to immediately retire.

SLUMBERING PLANTS.—It is well known that plants sleep at night; but their hours of sleeping are a matter of habit, and may be disturbed artificially, just as a cock may be waked up to crow at untimely hours by the light of a lantern. A French chemist, subjected a sensitive plant to an exceedingly trying course of discipline, by completely changing its hours—exposing it to a bright light at night, so as to prevent sleep, and putting it in a dark room during the day. The plant appeared to be much disturbed and puzzled at first. It opened and closed its leaves irregularly, sometimes nodding, in spite of the artificial sun that shed its beams at midnight, and sometimes waking up from the force of habit to find the chamber dark in spite of the time of day. Such are the trammels of habit. But, after an obvious struggle, the plant submitted to the change, and turned day into night without any apparent ill-effects.

LOVED TOO LATE.

BY L. D. K.

Year after year, with a glad content,
In and out of our home he went—
In and out.
Ever for us the skies were clear;
His heart carried the care and fear,
The care and doubt.

But when the love we held too light
Was gone away from our speech and sight,
No bitter tears,
No passionate words of fond regret,
No yearning grief, could pay the debt
Of thankless years.

Oh, now while the sweet love lingers near
Grudge not the tender words of cheer!
Leave none unsaid.
For the heart can have no sadder fate
Than some day to awake—too late—
And find love dead.

Such a Romance.

BY MAUD MURRAY.

MARIAN FIELD, with her older companion, stopped for a moment at Burnam & Burnam's window, and her lovely blue eyes looked all the admiration she felt at sight of the tempting display of velvets and silks, laces and ribbons, and all the hundred and one accessories of a lady's toilette.

"Oh, Annie, how exquisite everything is! I wonder if it is awfully wicked in me to wish we were rich, and to hate Meredith Alwyn because we are not? Let's hurry away before I become perfectly savage."

It was just the merest passing glance that the young gentleman had, who at that moment passed, but enough to show him the surpassing loveliness of Marian, and the quiet well-bredness of both Marian and her sister.

And then as they passed further away into the dusk of the night, he went into a quiet little shop, next to Burnam & Burnam's brilliantly illuminated show-windows—interested into inquiring of the pleasant-faced lad, who, standing at the door, had heard and seen the ladies.

The lad went briskly round to his post behind the counter at his customer's entrance.

"I want some postage stamps and cigars, my boy—I believe that was what I wanted, at least until the sight of that lovely girl that just now passed drove it from my head. Who were they, do you know? I'll take a half dozen of those Reina Victorias—yes."

The young shopman promptly selected the choicest cigars, talking pleasantly the while

"You must mean Miss Field and Miss Marian; they just went by. Miss Marian is called the prettiest girl hereabouts, I think. And there's such a romance connected with them!" the clerk went on, dealing out the change for the piece of money his customer had laid on the show-case.

"A romance? Indeed! Ah, yes, thank you. I will take a light. But the romance!"

"Why, to-day they are as poor as—oh, so poor that they have to earn their own living, while six months ago they were the heiresses to the Deaconwoode estate—perhaps you know where that is?—unless you are a stranger."

"I certainly am a total stranger, but I have heard of the great Deaconwoode estate; it's worth a quarter of a million, more or less, I've been told. And those ladies were the heiresses?"

"Yes, sir—from the time when they were born and brought up on the place—and not until, all of a sudden, was it discovered that there was somebody who had a better claim on it than they—a first nephew to old Mr. Field, and these young ladies were second nieces and so the lawyers made a row about it, and Miss Field and Miss Marian walked out as patient, proud, and smiling as ever, and took up their quarters down town, and earn their little salary, that wouldn't buy the toilette-water they used to order here."

"Quite a remarkable experience for two young ladies, and you have told it well. It really is a pity—yes, thanks, one, two, four—all right. A fine night!"

And Mr. Meredith Alwyn nodded to his diffuse young friend, and took himself slowly, thoughtfully up the street, that led directly to the magnificent estate of Deaconwoode.

* * * * *

"Will we do it? Why, Annie, of course we will do it! It would be a direct flying in the face of Providence to refuse such a godsend. It won't be any trouble for dear old Elsie to cook for one more, and that big empty room that looks out on the chimneys of Deaconwoode—we will never use that room, Annie. And only think, ten dollars a week! It will tide us through the winter so comfortably."

"But—dear—the idea of our having—a border—and—a gentleman border at that! If it was a lady, now——"

Marian laughed.

"You dear, proud, old darling! Why shouldn't we have a gentleman boarder as well as anybody else—and just the handsomest man you ever saw, Annie!"

Miss Field smiled, amused in spite of herself, yet there was a reluctant look in her eyes as she gazed in Marian's bright, hopeful face.

"You must do as you think best, dear. I dare say it will be all right."

And so it came to pass that Mr. Meredith Alwyn took possession of the room in the Field sisters' cottage, that looked out on the chimneys and turrets and towers of Deaconwoode—took possession as their boarder, and gave his name as Curtis, and in course of time very naturally came to be on the most excellent terms with them.

One day, Miss Field, in a particularly confidential mood, told him all about the romance of their lives; how, until so lately, they had lived their life of elegance and ease at Deaconwoode, and how the prospect of their future had faded as completely and suddenly as a beautiful dream.

"Whoever this usurping heir is, he must be a double-dyed rascal—selfish to the heart's core—to have defrauded you so."

Mr. Curtis seemed remarkably emphatic in his denunciations.

"Oh, I would not think that," Miss Field said, in her gentle, womanly way, "because he certainly had a right to it, and I dare say he is delighted at his good fortune, and certainly he ought to enjoy it."

"I don't know about that, Miss Field. I think it simply inhuman for any man to turn two delicately-bred woman out of their home of elegance and ease, as this villain has turned you out. Perhaps he did not know, but he should have been told, and he certainly should have at least divided."

Miss Field smiled.

"But people are not often so generous, Mr. Curtis. Yes, for Marian's sake, it would be pleasant; but I don't know. The discipline of adversity and the necessity for effort are making a grand woman of her, while I must confess I rather shrink in distaste."

An hour or so later he and Marian went for a little stroll—they had fallen into that habit lately.

"We were talking about Deaconwoode and that detestable cousin of yours—Miss Field and I. Do you know, we both agree that it is a piece of selfishness that he doesn't divide with you under such peculiar circumstances?"

Marian laughed.

"That's nonsense, Mr. Curtis, and I shall not allow you and Annie to discuss such incendiary topics! Divide! Of course not—do you think I'd accept charity at the hands of Meredith Alwyn? Deaconwoode is lawfully his—let him keep it—dearly as I love it, every stone, every tree, every room, every picture."

Her impetuous young voice thrilled out, brave, almost defiant, as they walked along in the gathering dusk.

Then, he suddenly called her name, in a tone that instantly brought the flushes to her cheek

"Marian!"

It was the first time he had omitted the formality of the prefacing title.

"Yes?"

"I am jealous of Deaconwoode, because you love it so, and I want you to love me! Marian, my darling, tell me if you can, if you do? Marian, sweet, I love you so—if you will let me!"

It did not need more than one look in her eyes to read his answer.

"I—cannot help it—can I?" she said, shyly, sweetly, and then, on the quiet suburban road, in the gloom of the early night fall, he took her in his arms and kissed her over and over again.

"And now," he said, as she nestled on his arm, and they turned their steps homeward, "about this Deaconwoode affair. You, of course, have no objection to going back there? You have so imperiously declared you will not accept your cousin Meredith Alwyn's charity that there only remains one more course open. That is, to resume your sweet sway there, as rightful owner, and—Meredith Curtis Alwyn's wife—my own little blue-eyed darling. It is yes, again? Because, you know, you cannot help yourself, nor will you want to, if you love me, little cousin Marian, little wife Marian!"

And that was the way they went back home.

The engineer's wife threw down her sewing and impatiently hastened into the back yard to settle a noisy dispute among the children. She selected Jack as the offender, and uncoupling her slipper with a quick movement, she ran Master Jack on a siding, and began to mark him "Bad order" without regarding his signals of distress. By this time Bob, the guilty one, having run onto the secure turn-table of the back fence, so that he could run off in either direction, screamed out, "Let up mother; shut her off, I tell you! You've cut out the wrong cat, an' you'll run by the right one if you aint lively!" The mother coupled up and tried to make a flying switch on the culprit, but he got out on the main line, blocked the section against her, and was running wild for the first siding long before the switch engine could get out of the yard.

There are said to be 7 000 000 Jews in the world, widely scattered among every nation. The United States has half a million of them, 70,000 of whom live in New York city.

Lucy's Flirtation.

BY ALBERT H. GRANTLEY.

SHE never meant to do wrong. She was always modest, unassuming, and ladylike. She never flirted in her life."

Every one knew her to be upright, honest, and pure.

Every one, even to Vane Stanley, who for a whole year admired her in secret and afar off, because he could never approach her or have a moment alone with her, for Madame Clarence and her two unmarried daughters were always on the look out to hear what Mr. Stanley had to say to their pretty cousin, who had neither money, nor home, and nothing in the world but her virtue, and beauty, and her accomplishments.

Mr. Stanley was fully sensible to all these facts, and admired while he secretly feared her.

Women as clever as Lucy did not often marry commonplace men, but he meant to marry her, and he meant to make Miss Dean love him also.

But it was up-hill work, with madame and her two daughters for ever watching, and Mr. Stanley was put to his wits' ends for a remedy.

It struck him one evening while paying them his accustomed visit that he would employ the language of the handkerchief, knowing full well that Lucy would not notice it even if she understood it, but as a constant dropping will wear away a stone, so he hoped to wear away her prejudices.

He began that very evening by telling her through the handkerchief that he loved her, but Miss Dean never noticed him.

This went on for two weeks, Mr. Stanley making frantic efforts to secure her attention, and Miss Dean remaining in sublime indifference, until, in very desperation, after telling her with his handkerchief that she was cruel, asking her to wait for him, and numberless other idiotic performances, he seized the opportunity to whisper, when they were for a moment alone:

"Do you understand the language of the handkerchief, Miss Dean?"

"No," she replied, quietly.

"And would not employ it if you did, I presume!"

"I don't think I would."

Then Madame Clarence came bustling up to the young couple, sitting down so near them that further conversation was for that time suspended, and Mr Stanley departed without another word to Miss Dean.

In a few days she received through the post a mysterious package containing full directions for the handkerchief flirtation.

She tossed it indignantly aside, her cheeks burning at the very thoughts of stooping to that, and wondering what Vane Stanley took her for.

A little later, however, she picked it up and read it over, and before his next call had made herself familiar with its language, never intending to use it, but merely out of curiosity to know what Vane Stanley would do next.

She was getting interested in that gentleman and his novel way of communicating with her, although she felt as though she could despise herself for answering back.

"He must have a very poor opinion of me" she thought, "to think that I would."

But Vane Stanley did not have a bad opinion of her.

He only thought she might have a handkerchief flutation with him with perfect propriety.

It wouldn't be like flirting with other men, of course.

He gave her many little signs that she understood at once, and though her cheeks burned scarlet, yet she never replied.

She had said she never would flirt, and would not this be flirting?

Besides—ah, just Heaven!—she was beginning to love him too well to flirt with him.

It went on like this for a year, and Mr. Stanley's assiduity never failed.

Madame Clarence began to hint of the probability of a wedding before long, for Mr. Stanley always had so much to say to Laura. Of course it was Laura.

It was a clear, lovely June day.

Mr. Stanley dropped in, firm in his resolve this time that Miss Dean should answer him and give him an opportunity to speak with her alone.

He had grown desperately in love with her, and meant to tell her so.

The ladies were all in the parlor, even to Lucy Dean.

After a few commonplace remarks, he took out his handkerchief, and looking direct at Lucy, folded it, as much as to say:

"I love you."

Whatever her answer was it was not so covert but that Laura and Lily both discovered them, and duly reported it to mamma, who soothed them with the remark:

"Leave it to me; I'll attend to Lucy."

She came into Lucy's room an hour later, with flaming cheeks and flashing eyes.

"You wicked girl, I will ruin your character in Vane Stanley's eyes."

For an hour she poured forth her vituperative language, until Lucy cried for her to stop.

She had no thought, this bright, fascinating madame, that Mr. Stanley heard every word, and resolved to marry Lucy at once.

She went out, giving her niece a parting salute, but in a low voice that reached only the girl's ears.

"Vane Stanley only laughs at you. Lily and Laura both say he laughs at you."

The words rang in her ears for hours.

Vane Stanley laughed at her!

They changed her from a sweet, trembling girl, to a bitter, proud woman.

She would indulge in one more handkerchief flirtation, and let Vane Stanley know that she was not to be laughed at.

The next time they met she answered his signal of "Wait for me" with one equally as effective.

Undmindful of the Clarence eyes, they continued:

"I love you," he signed.

"We will be friends," was her reply by dropping her handkerchief.

She led him on pitilessly and cruelly, because of those words "He laughs at you," until he again signified his love.

She drew her's through her hand scornfully, which means:

"I hate you."

He was surprised, but thought it was only a joke, and continued:

"Wait for me."

"I am engaged," she replied, by winding her kerchief around her forefinger, and "I hate you, again;" then deliberately putting it in her pocket, left the room.

Her handkerchief flirtation had fairly commenced and ended.

She went to her room thinking:

'He shall never laugh at me again."

He did not come for weeks.

Madame Clarence sent for him at last, and the two so curiously estranged, met again.

They bowed as the most distant acquaintance—coldly, proudly, serenely, as though nothing had ever passed between them, and it was so for weeks after, Mr. Stanley coming because he could not help it, and Miss Dean meeting him because she couldn't help it, and Madame Clarence watching both and thinking how little they had to fear from Lucy now.

Thus another year passed, rumor said that Laura Clarence would soon be his wife.

Indeed, she seemed to be his choice, for he was with her continually, and Lucy's heart sank with a kind of dread when she thought how soon the hour would come that would make it sinful for her to think of him as other than a friend.

She went down to the parlor that night, and thinking herself alone and unseen, began mechanically using her kerchief in various signs

She was not long alone, however; for Laura and Lily came in, immediately followed by Mr. Stanley and several other friends, who soon went out upon the croquet lawn, bearing Lucy with them.

The game was at its height, Miss Dean, almost unconsciously, dropped her handkerchief.

Mr. Stanley picked it up and handed it to her, whispering:

"Will you be nothing but a friend?"

She did not reply, but watching him furtively, saw his sign of "I love you" again.

This time she did not throw him off adroitly, but answered with the same, turning to carnation red as she did so.

Two minutes later he was by her side again, upon pretense of sending her ball through an arch, but really to say:

"Tell me the truth, once and forever, Lucy, do you love me or hate me?"

"I do not hate you."

"Then you love me, and you will be my wife?"

"Yes."

The game was up; the handkerchief flirtation ended, and two hearts were made happy at last, much to the disgust of Madame Clarence and her daughters.

"When I was a boy," said an old man, "we had a schoolmaster who had an odd way of catching idle boys. One day he said, 'Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one of you that sees another boy idle, let me know, and I will attend to the case.' 'Ah,' thought I, 'now I've a good chance to catch Joe Simpson, whom I dislike.' I watched him, and soon caught him with his eyes off his book, and hastened to inform the master. 'Are you sure?' said the master. 'Yes, sir, I saw him.' 'You did? and were your eyes on your book when you saw him?' I was caught, and never again watched for idle boys." If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct we shall have no time to find fault with the conduct of others.

The little city of Weimar, where Goethe, the great German poet, resided, is ordinarily as quiet as a country village. Piano forte playing, however, is universal, and the noise of persons practicing on that instrument is something intolerable. The authorities have therefore passed an ordinance that no piano shall be played in a room, the windows of which are open, under penalty of a fine.

THE CUP OF BITTERNESS.

BY G. W.

O'er these hot sands of life,
With weary feet and aching, tear-stained eyes,
I still press onward, yearning for the prize
That waits the end of strife.

Fain would I rest me here
To gather flowers, and drink the water deep,
And sweetly, as in childhood, fall asleep
Without one thought of fear.

Fain would I dream such dreams,
And think such thoughts of life, and love, and light,
That even heaven itself would glow more bright,
And earth be what it seems.

But I must needs grope on,
And to my thirsty lips this sad cup take,
And drain it to the dregs till life doth break,
And my fond prize be won.

THE LOST WIFE.

BY J. F. SMITH.

CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED)

IT was evident that the quiet demeanor and suit of black of Mr. Paul had failed to make a favorable impression on the speaker. He did not stand very high in the servants' hall.

"You are a good, dear creature," said Mrs. Berrington; "and a true friend."

At the word "friend" the old housekeeper felt doubly gratified.

"What can I give you?"

"Give me!" repeated Mrs. Goodding, in a tone of mortification. "Nothing, madam—nothing. I did not come to sell my services."

These words were followed by a very formal curtsey—not one of the short, ungraceful, half inclining of the present day, but just such a stately, respectful one as a lady in waiting might have received the commands of Queen Charlotte with.

"Not for a kiss?" demanded Clara, holding out her hand to her.

"Oh, my dear young lady!"

When the aged domestic quitted the room, it was with a feeling of deeper attachment than ever to one who bore the honored name of Bouchier.

At dinner Miss Berrington contrived to divert her sister in law's attention from the abstracted manner of her husband by describing to him their visit to the Penquillys. As her powers of conversation were of no mean order, she succeeded in her design.

It was a great relief to her, however, when the butler, as soon as dessert was placed upon the table, informed his master that Mr. Paul requested particularly to see him.

"That wretched man!" ejaculated Clara. "He never leaves you a minute's peace."

"His work will soon be done," replied his employer.

"The sooner the better," said his wife. "The servants have all taken an intense dislike to him."

Her husband quitted the room.

"Is he angry?" added the speaker, regarding Miss Berrington.

"Only fatigued, my love," answered the hypocrite. "Edward has overwalked himself—been about the grounds all day. Like you," she added, with one of her treacherous smiles. "I shall be glad when Mr. Paul *has done his work*, and my brother has no further occasion for his services."

As two days were to elapse before the interview between Clara and her mysterious visitor, our readers may just as well accompany the author, as far as London, and witness the reception of Frank Beacham, by his very distant relative and patron, Dr. Slop.

CHAPTER X.

THE doctor—he was seldom addressed or spoken of by any other name—was a smart, dapper little man, with a Jewish cast of countenance. He had sharp, cunning black eyes, a well-trimmed whisker, rather a low forehead, and that facial outline supposed to be common to the race of Israel. His dress was an admirable professional make-up.

When a very young man poverty had induced him to marry the elderly widower of a notorious charlatan. It was a false step, and, like most false steps, proved his bane through life. Without the slightest pretence to genius, or even what is generally understood as cleverness, he was fitted to succeed in making his way. Nature had gifted him with a soft voice, pleasing manners, and that inordinate amount of self-confidence which accompanies vanity and ambition.

No doubt he must have succeeded but for the one great social blot. The world saw his predecessor—we might say predecessors, for the lady had been married four times—in the matronly affection of Mrs. Slop seated in his well appointed carriage, beside him at the dinner table. The recollection was the spectre of his fine home, the jest of his servants, the splash of mud upon their otherwise immaculate plush. There was no getting rid of it. Finding after years of useless struggle that he could not overleap the barriers of good society, in a fit of caprice or virtuous indignation, he had come to the decision that he should be written up.

Having discovered that vinegar would not do, he next tried what oil would effect. started philanthropist, in which character he so far succeeded as to connect his name with a distinguished charity under Royal patronage, became a great man at public dinners, spouted his way into the presence of a real Royal Highness not over celebrated for common sense, who, made conscious at last of the ridicule of such a connection, finally threw him over after publicly pronouncing him to be a scheming humbug.

We fear we must endorse the sentence.

There was not a stage manager in London who could arrange a *mise en scene* with greater effect than Dr. Slop; his library was perfect. First editions of the classics superbly bound, expensive scientific works, interspersed with various books of travel, stood like so many rows of false witnesses upon the shelves of the elaborately fitted cases. The soft easy chairs, the sober tinted curtains, two or three valuable pictures; everything appeared in perfect keeping, the harmony was admirable.

He certainly ought to have been an artist.

Dr. Slop had for some time been casting his eyes about to discover some well educated youth of literary talent and a fair classic, to conduct his correspondence, write his dinner speeches: one whom experience would render pliable, poverty hold in a state of dependence.

Unfortunately for poor Frank, he combined all these conditions. His father wanted to get rid of him, and so he was delivered bound hand and foot to the mercy of a patron.

"Welcome, my dear boy," said the doctor, blandly, after reading Mr. Beacham's letter, "welcome to London. It is a dangerous place, full of deception, vice, and temptations."

"So I have heard, sir."

"I trust you will avoid them."

"I will do my best," answered Frank, honestly.

"Good—very good. I like that better than any positive promise. I always distrust overweening confidence."

"It is better to doubt ourselves," observed the youth.

Dr. Slop regarded the speaker earnestly.

"Did the young rascal intend that as an epigram?" he asked himself.

The speaker intended no such thing. It was simply one of those platitudes any boy might have uttered, placed in similar circumstances.

"I have taken a lodging for you very near at hand," continued the gentleman, in the house of one of my tenants, who has agreed to board and lodge you at sixteen shillings a week."

"Thank you, sir."

This arrangement left the speaker exactly four shillings per week pocket-money minus laundress' bills and clothes. In his inexperience Frank thought it magnificent. He had only been allowed sixpence at Wraycourt.

"You will dine with me to day—at five. May I trouble you to touch the bell? The footman will conduct you to Gill's—it is not very far—and carry your portmanteau."

"Of course you will take a cab, sir, observed the tall powdered lacquey, intensely disgusted with the rusty leather burden upon his shoulder, as soon as they arrived at the corner of the street.

"I suppose so," replied the youth.

The man hailed the first that passed, gave the portmanteau to the driver, and mounted the box beside him. He had been ordered to see the young gentleman to his lodgings, and dared not disobey, for there was this peculiarity about all Dr Slop's servants: no family of any standing would receive one of them into their establishment, or the superb Mr. Duncan would have cast his livery off long since.

A few minutes brought them to the abode of Mr Gill in a back street not far from one of the principal theatres. It was a curiosity shop. Strange dresses, old armor, musical instruments, secondhand clothes, cheap jewelry, shells, pictures, books—in short the motley collection of a miscellaneous dealer in everything poverty has to sell or purchase filled the window, not sorted, but piled in admirable confusion.

A new Zealander's head in an old china dish proved an enormous attraction to the children in the neighborhood.

"Here Gill," shouted the footman, "I have brought you your new lodger."

A thin, spider-like weak looking man crept from the den, fancifully called the parlor, at the back of the shop, and welcomed Frank very respectfully.

"Tilly," he shouted, "take the gentleman's luggage upstairs."

A tall, raw-boned woman, middle aged, and slatternly, rose from a trapdoor leading from the kitchen, and disappeared with the portmanteau.

"Shall I pay the cab sir?"

"Thank you," said the young gentleman. "How much?"

"Two shillings."

Frank took half a crown from his purse, and placed it in the hands of the footman, who stepped into the street to discharge the vehicle.

"First visit to London, sir?" observed Mr. Gill.

"Yes."

"Ah, I thought so!"

"It seems a wilderness of a place."

"You will soon get used to it," observed the man, with a smile. "Come here direct from the doctor's?"

"Direct," repeated the lodger.

"Ah!"

It would not be very difficult to guess why the curiosity dealer thought it was his lodger's first visit to town. The two shilling fare for the short ride between his shop and the residence of Dr. Slop sufficiently explained it. None but a stranger could have been so imposed upon.

The polite Mr. Duncan reappeared after paying the driver, and tendered the sixpence; change. Frank thanked him, and put it into his pocket.

"Ah!" mentally ejaculated his landlord, "not so green as he looks."

The interjection ah! as our readers will have observed, was a striking peculiarity in the conversation of Mr. Gill. It denoted many things—surprise, doubt, satisfaction, conclusion. Sometimes he used it interrogatively; it had a jeering signification, especially if anyone tried to overreach him in a bargain—an attempt that rarely succeeded.

Frank's room was at the very top of the house, and, for London, turned out to be a tolerably clean and comfortable one, freshly whitewashed, the window opening upon the leads.

The furniture consisted of an iron bedstead, an old-fashioned chest of drawers, two chairs, a table, and a washstand. The new tenant looked round him, and eyed it approvingly—proof that he was not very delightful in having a place of one's own—*chez soi* as the French term it, at anyrate, our hero thought so, and commenced unpacking his somewhat scanty wardrobe.

This done, he dressed for dinner. On his return through the shop, he found his landlord talking to a young, rakish, but far from vulgar looking gentleman, dressed in a drab colored coat, with a very broad velvet collar—a fashionable dress in those days. His features were sharp and intelligent, no whiskers, but a profusion of curly black hair, surmounted by a white hat, which was raised very politely as the new lodger passed him.

Frank recollected his father's bow, and executed as close an imitation of it as he was able.

The stranger appeared very much struck by it.

"Mr. Lorenzo Augustus Mandeville Wildbird, T. R. C. G.—Mr. Beacham," said the curiosity dealer, introducing them.

Although secretly wondering what such a long array of letters signified after such an unconscionably long name, the countenance of the youth betrayed no surprise. He felt rather pleased than otherwise at being styled Mr. Beacham.

"Delighted to make your acquaintance."

"Delighted!" repeated Frank, not knowing what else to say.

"I trust we shall be friends."

"That will depend upon many things," answered the new lodger, cautiously. "Who you are, and whether we will agree together."

"Ah!" ejaculated the owner of the shop.

"T. R. C. G.," said the gentleman. "I thought Gill explained."

"Yes, I have not forgotten that," replied our hero, with a puzzled look.

"We are inmates of the same hospitable mansion."

"Fellow lodgers!"

"In the world's parlance. Are you fond of the drama?"

"Never saw a play acted in my life," answered Frank. "Of course I have read Shakspeare."

"Heavens!" exclaimed his new acquaintance, at the same time giving a melodramatic start. "Is it possible that a gentleman of your refined manners have never entered the sacred Temple of Melpomene and Thalia."

"If you mean a theatre—never, but you really must excuse me," added the youth, looking at his watch. "I shall be late for dinner."

A second time the white hat was raised, and the black one responded to it with a better imitation of the paternal air than before.

"A very promising young fellow," said the actor. (Of course our readers are aware T. R. C. G. stands for Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.) "I shall give him an order."

"It will be thrown away," observed Mr. Gill.

"What means thou, Mammon?"

"I mean," replied the curiosity dealer, "that, although my lodger is well-dressed, and carries a watch in his pocket, as you did when I first knew you——"

"Ah, my prophetic soul!" interrupted Lorenzo Augustus Mandeville Wildbird, with a serio-comic expression of countenance; "but go on—I'll follow thee!"

"I believe he is as poor as you are. My landlord, Dr. Slop, pays for his board and lodging—sixteen shillings a week; not a farthing for extras—an old screw! To be sure, it covers the rent."

"I shall give the juvenile an order, just the same," said the actor, magnificently.

He kept his word, and the very next day offered his fellow lodger one. To his surprise and mortification, it was declined. The kindhearted fellow, who had used great exertions to obtain it, felt hurt, and drew himself up in his favorite attitude.

"A million of pardons!" he exclaimed. "It was presumption, no doubt, in Lorenzo Augustus Mandeville Wildbird, of—but no; why should I name my ancestral home?—who has embodied the divine creations of genius in the principal theatres in the kingdom, to obtrude his friendship. He is reproved," he added, "and will not offend again."

Frank silently pointed to the crape upon his hat.

"Lately?"

"But two days since."

"My poor boy," said the actor, descending from his stilts, and speaking in the most natural tone imaginable, "forgive me. I was not aware——"

"I am sure you were not."

"I can understand your feelings. I had such things once myself but the world is a huge piece of india-rubber. Rough contact with it effaces them."

For the first time Frank began to think it was possible he might like his fellow-lodger, whose heart appeared much more estimable than his head. Not that Lorenzo Augustus was an ignoramus—far from it. He had been well educated, and might have done well in any profession except the stage. For that nature had unfitted him. His voice was mean, with a distressing tendency to break into a scream when over excited, and under the idea of indulging in by-play, he never could be induced to stand still.

Unfortunately for him, burlesque had not become the rage as at the present day. Managers, however, liked him, the public had become used to him, and Lorenzo Augustus Mandeville Wildbird was generally secure of an engagement at one of the principal houses. Frequently he convulsed the greenroom by solemnly declaring there was a conspiracy in the press as well as the profession to crush him.

Mrs Slop felt rather pleased than otherwise with the doctor's new protege. Having few lady friends, and her husband not caring to be seen with her, she generally drove out alone. Frank felt himself highly honored the first time he was invited to take a seat beside her in the well appointed carriage, but she completely won his heart on the second occasion by proposing they should call and see his sister.

Of course, it was gratefully accepted.

Miss Creech, Lucy, and the maids were having a game of cricket upon the lawn when the equipage drove up. Some ladies would have felt mortified at being caught at such an unfeminine amusement, and dropped the bat. Not so the mistress of Minerva Lodge, who, with her hat off, her sleeves tucked up, leaving the short, fat arms exposed to the elbows, stood like a Dutch Colossus of Rhodes in front of the wicket.

"Play, ma'am," shouted the cook.

Away flew the ball, and the two housemaids after it.

"Run, Lucy!" exclaimed the spinster, who, being so stout, never ran for herself.

Hannah, the long-stop, threw up the ball.

"Play, ma'am!" repeated the bowler.

Miss Creech was caught out by the youngest housemaid.

"Downed well stopped, for all that," observed Frank, going up to the wicket and kissing her.

"Oh, it is you, is it?" said the lady. "And pray, sir, who is that fine madam with painted cheeks, dressed out in all the colors of the rainbow?"

"Mrs. Dr. Slop. Are you not acquainted?"

"I have heard of her," answered Miss Creech, dryly, "and will be civil to her for your sake, but I am sorry you brought her. The next time you call, come alone."

"If you wish it, cousin."

"I do wish it. There, don't look so mortified. Go and have a talk with your sister, and hear what a tyrant she has found in me."

Lucy smiled gratefully, and taking her brother's arm, assured him she had met with nothing but kindness and affection. The wish of her young heart was gratified—she had found someone to love her at last.

Shouldering her bat, with a half-defiant air, the mistress of Minerva Lodge walked up to the carriage, and invited the occupant to alight, and repair herself in the drawing-room.

"I wonder that you can exert yourself so," observed Mrs. Slop, mincing her words, a way she had whenever she wished to appear particularly genteel.

"I don't lace tightly."

"Still it must be bad—exposure to the sun—for the complexion."

"Neither do I paint."

If this is what the speaker called being civil, we should like to have seen what her incivility would have been like There was one justification, she knew the woman by reputation, had heard of her antecedents, and was too highly principled to allow the fair and innocent girl committed to her charge to become intimate with her. As for boys, she thought it did not so much signify. Like cats, they were sure to fall upon their feet. No wonder that her visitor colored through her rouge, and thought Miss Creech a most disagreeable person. It proved a great relief to her when Frank and his sister entered the room.

"You are very like your poor mother, my dear child," said Mrs. Slop, drawing Lucy toward her.

"Not the slightest resemblance," said the old maid, "Mrs. Beacham's eyes were dark, hers are blue; never were two faces more unlike."

"We shall be delighted to see you at Tadcaster place."

"Lucy never goes out without me," replied her protectress, answering for her.

"And you?"

"And I rarely if ever visit. I have important duties. I feel that Providence has given me a mission."

"To be both ridiculous and disagreeable," thought her female visitor.

Hannah appeared with wine and biscuits. They were declined. Her mistress did not press them, and the visit ended.

"I don't think Mrs. Slop will call again," said Miss Creech, as the carriage drove away, "and yet I was perfectly polite for your brother's sake."

"I hope you will never be so polite to me" said Lucy, gravely.

"I had a motive for my conduct, but I am not going to tell it you. So you must judge me from what you can understand of me, instead of what you cannot."

"A very odd, disagreeable person that Miss Creech," said the doctor's wife. "I think she can't be in her right senses. Did you ever see such a fright? Then her manners so coarse. What did she mean by having a mission. I am sure it is not to teach good manners."

"She believes in the right of women; wants to reform the world," answered Frank; "has peculiar ideas on female education."

"I thought she was mad."

"It is a very harmless madness," answered the youth, gratified for the protection extended to his sister.

"Harmless or not," replied Mrs. Slop, "I shall not call at Minerva Lodge again."

The purpose of its mistress was answered.

CHAPTER XI.

WE have frequently had occasion to remark the rapidity as well as the justness with which women arrive at their conclusions. Perhaps it is that the imagination is so much more powerful in their sex than our own. Men reason—proceed by a sort of mental arithmetic, they add, substract, divide and multiply. Women object to this tedious process—they divine; and the result, nine times out of ten, proves that they are right.

Whilst Mr. Berrington was cudgelling his brains to discover by what means the writer of the letter could see Clara without the possibility of discovery, his sister guessed them, and her guess came so near the truth that, had she imparted it to her brother, and her brother acted upon it, much misery and crime would have been spared.

True, the procedure of her sister-in-law might have been blamed, for concealment in a wife is always questionable, but her conduct in other respects must have been placed beyond the shadow of a doubt.

We cannot enter into the workings of the mind of Elizabeth Berrington, but it is quite possible she suspected some such result. At any rate, she decided upon keeping the threads of the discovery, if she succeeded in making one, in her own hands, to twist them into a web, unite or break them, as might best answer her purpose.

Wraycourt, as our readers are aware, was a very ancient place. One part of the building—the north wing—dated as far back as Henry IV. There is a tradition that that unfortunate monarch once found shelter there. What more likely, argued the astute spinster, than it should contain facilities both of egress and ingress known only to very few persons—places of concealment jealously kept secret long after the necessity for doing so had ceased? She had heard of such contrivances—had seen several of them in the old palaces and historic castles of Germany.

We know of one or two ourselves in the old Schloss at Zelle, where the sister of George III., the divorced queen of Denmark, passed the last years of her miserable existence in a species of honorable captivity, masked under the name of a deep retirement. A sad story, but we have no time to enter upon it now.

The north wing contained, in addition to the chambers of Mr. and Mrs. Berrington, the private chapel, rarely if ever used, we believe, since the Reformation.

On the morning of the eventful Thursday, Miss Berrington seized the opportunity, whilst Clara was engaged with visitors in the drawing-room, of examining the place. Several minutes elapsed before she could make out the details distinctly, for the ivy had spread over the windows, penetrated in several instances through the broken panes, and twined itself round the beams of the carved oaken roof, where year after year a colony of starlings were accustomed to build their nests. There was a singular legend respecting these birds. The original flock is said to have migrated from the Benedictine church in the village the very day the monks were dispersed and the superior executed in front of the chapter-house.

Several multilated, dust-covered monuments still adhered to the walls of the chapel: amongst others one to the memory of Archbishop Bouchier, so famous for the state in which he lived.

This last, however, was merely a cenotaph, erected by family pride or affection.

The body of the magnificent prelate reposes in a far more costly tomb in his cathedral at Canterbury.

By far the most interesting object in the place was an antique font rudely sculptured in low relief from a huge Cornish boulder. Antiquarians were undecided as to its date.

Some even doubted whether it had originally been intended for Christian purposes, whilst others, who had a contrary opinion, pointed triumphantly to the very faint outline of a cross in the hands of the figure.

The dispute, no doubt, would long since have been settled, had not some crochety-pated fellow suggested that the supposed cross might possibly be a crook, and the bearer a shepherd.

Although perfectly competent to decide the question, the author does not intend to do so, but leave the disputants to fight it out amongst themselves. He has friends on either side.

A massive iron grating at the back of the font led to the vaults, where reposed the ashes of many whom as infants had received the water of baptism at its base.

The intruder looked around her.

An architect could not have examined the sacred edifice with a more critical, thoughtful eye. Not that she felt the beauty or poetry of the place. Her mind was cast in too practical a mould for that, and its energies were too intently bent upon discovering something that would place the happiness and reputation of her sister in-law at her mercy, to waste the opportunity in dreams.

Mercy! When she hates, our readers know what a woman's mercy means.

After patient deliberation she came to the conclusion that if any communication existed between the chapel and Clara's chamber it must be from the tribune

This was a gallery, only large enough to contain at most half a dozen persons, projecting from a wall on the left side of the altar. The staircase leading to it filled the lower part of what had been the bell turret.

Miss Berrington ascended it very cautiously, not knowing how far it might be safe, and commenced a careful examination of the tribune, which had originally been fitted up with a certain attention to comfort, the back being lined with faded tapestry to match the half-rotten cushions and broken chairs.

On raising a portion of the tapestry her suspicions were confirmed by the discovery of a large door, secured by rusty bolts and a bar of iron.

"I thought so!" she exclaimed, in a tone of satisfaction. "I see it all now. Of course, the gentleman communicates without danger of discovery. The other side of the door corresponds with the panel work in Clara's chamber—fills up the back of the arch directly opposite the windows. Cunningly contrived," she added.

There was no great cunningness in the arrangement, which in Catholic times had been a very common one to enable the lady of the mansion, when suffering from illness or indisposition, to assist at the mass without descending from her apartment into the body of the chapel.

As Miss Berrington quitted the place, she smiled to think how, by her woman's wit, she had penetrated a mystery that had baffled her brother and the detective.

On reaching her own room, she carefully removed all traces of her expedition from her person, then rang for her waiting-maid, whose assistance she required to carry out her designs.

A plain, steady-looking woman about her own age answered the summons.

"Jane," said her mistress, "how many years have you lived with me?"

"Nearly thirteen, miss."

"And found me a kind mistress?"

"Very kind, miss."

"Can you be secret?"

"Lor, miss!"

"And courageous?"

"I am not easily frightened!"

"So I should suppose," observed her mistress. "The service I am about to employ you upon shows the very great confidence I repose both on your presence of mind and your discretion."

Jane curtsied.

"You shall be well paid."

The curtesy was repeated. This time a smile accompanied it.

"You have seen the old chapel?"

"I have, miss, and an awful looking place it is. I wonder my master does not pull it down, or turn it into a ball-room. It would make a beautiful one. Not that I should care much to dance in it."

"And why not?"

"The old servants say it is haunted."

"But you have too much sense, I am sure, Jane, to credit such folly?"

"Yes, miss, of course I have. Why should I? I never saw anything worse than myself. Did you, miss?"

"Never!" replied Miss Berrington, impatiently.

There was more truth perchance in the reply than the speaker was aware of. We question if she had seen anything worse than herself, though not in the sense she meant it.

"I want you to watch there to-night," she continued, "for at least, two or three hours."

"Watch there!" repeated the waiting maid, opening her eyes very wide. "What, miss, in the chapel?"

"Yes."

"No, miss, I would do anything in reason to oblige you—of course, it is my duty—but stay in that awful place at night alone I dare not. No, not if you were to lay me down five golden sovereigns."

"You shall have ten if you consent," said her mistress, quietly.

The resolution of Jane was evidently very much staggered by the offer.

"If I had anyone with me," she faltered.

"There is no one but yourself whom I can trust," she said.

"But what am I to watch for?"

"Mrs. Berrington, I believe,—mind, it is by no means certain—has an appointment with a gentleman there."

"Lor', miss!"

"You see, therefore, how important it is."

"Of course it is, miss," interrupted the waiting-maid, wonderment and curiosity getting the better of her respect. "Well, who would have thought it! Not that I ever liked her."

It is astonishing how quickly servants divine the feelings of those who employ them.

"I would watch myself," continued her mistress, "but my absence might be noticed; yours will pass without remark. What say you? Will you earn the ten sovereigns?"

"Anything to oblige you, miss," answered Jane, whose courage had risen fifty per cent. at least since she found it was with only mortal creature like herself she would have to do with. "It isn't exactly for the money, though, of course, that is an object to a person in my position. I can take a lantern with me."

"And so defeat the purpose of your visit," observed the lady. "No, you must go in darkness. I do not think you will have very long to wait."

Her hearer devoutly hoped not.

"And when must I go?" she asked.

"As soon as Mrs. Berrington leaves the drawing room."

"I'll do it, miss," exclaimed the woman, in a decided tone. "Only to think—an artful, worthless creature—her husband so rich, too!"

"Draw no conclusions," said Miss Berrington. "We are not certain who the fellow is."

"I don't think it much matters."

"It is just possible the meeting may be perfectly innocent."

Jane wondered at the speaker's credulity.

"You are too charitable, miss—I am afraid you are."

"As soon as you have made the discovery, come to my room. I shall sit up till your return."

Fearful of betraying himself by some impulsive look or movement of passion, the Right Hon. Edward Berrington pleaded business with his lawyer for not dining at home. He would have to ride twenty miles to meet him, and should be late.

"These wretched improvements," exclaimed Clara; "they take you continually from home; but for this once I forgive you."

"Doubtless!" thought her sister-in-law.

"Mind the broken road by the lime pits," added the speaker.

"There is no danger," replied Mr. Berrington. "Since the roadway fell in lanterns have been placed on each side of the gap as soon as it is dusk."

"I am so glad to hear it," exclaimed his wife. "I shall not be uneasy now. I quite shuddered," she added, "when we passed it in our ride yesterday."

"Hypocrite!" muttered her husband, between his teeth.

"What did you say, Edward?"

"Only good-bye, my love," replied the unhappy man, kissing her. "You and Elizabeth must take care of each other."

The ladies accompanied him to the hall-door, and saw him ride off.

"Is anything the matter with your brother?" asked Mrs. Berrington. "He seemed nervous, gloomy, abstracted. Once I fancied—but no, that was impossible."

"Men are such impatient creatures," replied her sister in-law.

"I must not say so."

"But I may," said the hypocrite, laughingly. "Thank heaven, I have no lord or master to call me to account. Men have not half our power of self control and endurance," she added; "the least contrariety upsets them, and they fly to law, or some other absurdity."

"I confess to a dread of lawyers," observed Clara with a sigh, thinking most probably of her father.

Mr. Berrington's ride extended no further than a few miles below the village, to a roadside inn kept by one of his tenants, where he dined, or rather made pretence of doing so. Towards evening he was joined by the detective, and after some brief consultation they resurned to Wraycourt together.

"I shall leave my horse, Sam," said the jealous husband, addressing the landlord.

"Bring it up to the house in the morning, sir!" demanded the man, respectfully.

"No."

"No trouble, sir."

"Keep it till I send for it."

"Certainly, sir."

"And not a word of my having dined here."

"Of course not, sir. We never talk of our customers—wouldn't do. There is one who frequently puts his horse up here, and walks on to the village."

"Sir Ernest Alston?" demanded Mr Berrington, turning exceedingly pale.

"Yes, sir. No harm in telling you, as you seem to know all about it. It was past one in the morning last time before he came back for it."

With a muttered execration upon the man who he believed had dishonored him, the inquirer turned away, and followed Mr. Lynx, who had already preceded him on the road. Had he remained one instant longer, the landlord, in all probability, would have told him that when the baronet did return it was not alone.

The park at Wraycourt was walled in on three sides—we forget whether we have already stated it. The original intention, no doubt, had been to enclose it entirely, but like many similar projects it had never been carried out—death, and in Alwyn Bouchier's case, poverty, intervened.

The fourth side of the domain was skirted by a wood, the only one worthy of the name left upon the estate, extending from the public highway till it joined the shrubberies at the back of the mansion.

It was by this wood that Mr. Berrington and his companion returned.

"You see, sir," said the latter, "I have arranged it all. If anyone does come with improper motives, this will be the path. Of course they will avoid the lodges."

In this conclusion his employer agreed with him.

"We must both watch, I in the wood, you in the pavilion between the wood and the house. Must catch him, sir, unless he flies through the air or can burrow under ground," added the detective with a grin. "But mind, sir, there must be no violence."

Mr. Berrington repeated the word almost mechanically.

"Leastways, not in my presence. It wouldn't be lawful, sir, unless in self defence—which I can't suppose——"

"Silence, fellow; don't torture me."

"Of course not, sir. Very sorry, but please don't forget my caution."

The speaker knew that his employer had pistols with him. He had seen the silver-mounted stocks peep from one of his side pockets, and felt it his duty to warn him. Life taken under such circumstances he knew would have a very ugly look, and Mr. Lynx objected to it unless the law happened to be very decidedly upon his side, when it fell into the category of ordinary incidents, to be met philosophically as circumstances might arrive

If ever a husband was punished for acting unwisely, decidedly the Right Hon. Edward Berrington was the man. None but those who have felt the pangs of jealousy can conceive the agonies he endured as he stood with his pale, haggard visage glued, as it were, hour after hour to the window of the pavilion in which he had concealed himself, watching for shadows.

Imagination, the self-tormenter's curse, proved the Nemesis of this fellow, lashing his pride, manhood, and let us hope, his better feelings, with its morbid stings.

While he and his agent are thus occupied, it may be as well to see what was passing at the manor house.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Head clerks—barbers' assistants.

IN SNOW-TIME.

BY J. L. M.

How should I choose to walk the world with thee,
Mine own beloved? When green grass is stirred
By summer breezes, and each leafy tree
Shelters the nest of many a singing bird?
In time of roses, when the earth doth lie
Dressed in a garment of midsummer hues,
Beneath a canopy of sapphire sky,
Lulled by a soft wind's song? Or should I choose
To walk with thee along a wintry road,
Through flowerless fields, thick-sown with frosty rime,
Beside an ice-bound stream, whose waters flowed
In voiceless music in the Summer-time?
In Winter dreariness, or Summer glee,
How should I choose to walk the world with thee?

The time of roses is the time of love,
Ah, my dear heart! but Winter fires are bright,
And in the lack of sunshine from above
We tend more carefully love's sacred light.
The path among the roses lieth soft,
Sun-kissed and radiant under youthful feet;
But on a wintry way true hands more oft
Do meet and cling in pressure close and sweet.
There is more need of love's supporting arm,
Along life's slippery pathway in its frost,
There is more need for love to wrap us warm,
Against life's cold, when Summer's flowers are lost.
Let others share thy life's glad Summer glow,
But let me walk beside thee in the snow!"

Roselle's Choice.

BY MILLICENT ARTHUR.

IT was the last masked ball of the season. Two genteel loungers who had strolled in to look at the costumes now sat in one of the little alcoves that opened upon the balcony, smoking and chatting over their cigars.

"Where do you go?" said Henry.

"To Brighton. And you?"

"To Switzerland, I think. Party of us going; all the club; all save Standing."

"And he?"

Henry laughed. "He will not be induced to leave. He's done for, evidently."

"What! you don't mean he is in earnest with the dashing Roselle? I fancied he was not so far gone as that."

"I think he cares more for Roselle than he is willing to confess, even to himself. But he is off on a new scent now. There is a lovely wild-rose of a girl been visiting friends of his. She is from Beechville, fifty miles away. Her father has a superb country residence, and she is an only daughter. He is invited up there by her brother. If he goes—farewell Standing. The wild-rose is very fresh and very fair, and her parents know it. They know, too, that Standing is as rich as a young Crœsus, and wonderfully susceptible for one of his years and experience. I feel sorry for Roselle.

"She excites my interest and pity. She always has. An orphan—with money, beauty, dash, spirit, wit, no caution, no adviser—she became a social code to herself. Yet nobody can lay a finger upon one wrong act in the girl's life, and if Standing would marry her, society would accept her and make the best of it. I wish Standing would marry her, but he hasn't the moral courage. I think he is going off to Beechville to wean himself from her fascinations. Let us move on."

They moved on, and did not see the figure of a handsome woman who had sat just outside on the balcony. She had gone out of the heated ball-room to rest and breathe the pure night air for a moment with her mask off.

It was Roselle.

She had heard all the conversation.

"So he is going to Beechville," she said; "and to her! We will see."

Two weeks later a tall young fellow, in thin coat and straw hat, left his luggage to follow him, and, with a careless glance at the group of loungers about the little station, started for the inn, half a mile distant on the Great Northern, at Beechville.

It was Standing.

As he walked leisurely along he heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs. Looking up, he saw, a handsome, high-spirited black horse, on which was seated a lady, in a perfectly fitting riding habit—a lady who reined in her horse when she saw him, and leaned forward with a bright smile and bow.

"Roselle, by jingo!" he cried, surprise, pleasure, consternation, all mingled in his face and voice. Then he bounded over the pasture-fence, and was at her side in a moment.

"Are not you glad to see me?" she asked, with one of her bright smiles, as she playfully touched his shoulder with her riding whip.

"Glad why, yes, of course! Always glad to see you, you know, only it's so very sudden and unexpected!"

"Oh, it was very sudden!" smiled Roselle. "I was talking with Mrs. Thorne—Mrs. James Thorne, you know!—about summer resorts, and chanced to mention Beechville as a nice quiet place, where one could have plenty of air and exercise, and not be obliged to dress to excess. She seized at it immediately. Said she was here once a few weeks, and she made up a party of six of us in less time than I can tell you, and we came the next day. Have been here a week. Heard you were coming last night."

"Who told you?" queried Standing, as he lifted his hat and ran his slender white fingers through his crisp hair.

"Who?—oh, Mr. Hamilton—Hugh Hamilton. He was up at the inn, and said he expected you daily. We were also surprised and pleased."

"Then you have met Hamilton?"

"Yes; and his sister came to call upon us to-day. Such a lovely girl—pink and white! We all thought her very pretty, and she and I are already very friendly. I am invited there to spend the day soon. Tra! la! I will see you later!"

She touched her horse, and was gone, with a bright, backward smile and glance, and Standing walked on at a swifter pace.

"So, after all, I must be under the same roof with Roselle," he mused. "Instead of running away from her, and I'll be hanged if I know whether I am glad or sorry."

When Hamilton came up that night, explaining his unavoidable absence from Beechville at train-time, and asking Standing to remove his luggage to his handsome residence, Standing declined.

He went home with Hamilton, and spent the evening. Lydia Hamilton greeted him with that quiet and well bred reserve that was so habitual to her. How fair she was! Like a blush rose! And how low her voice! And her eyes!—but he had never seen them fully—the white lids always veiled them.

Three or four parties were out on the balcony when Standing came up the steps.

Mrs. Hamilton leaned down and called to him to come up.

"I am smoking my cigar; I can't!" he answered.

"Shall I come down," said a gay voice, "and keep you from melancholy till you finish it?"

It was Roselle.

"Yes, come," he said; and they walked in the moonlight until all the others had left the balcony. And when he slept that night, it was the bright repartee and ringing laugh of Roselle, not the gentler tones of Lydia Hamilton, that haunted his dreams.

But that was Roselle's last hour.

Standing arose the next morning with a firm resolve to keep himself master of the situation.

Most of his evenings after this were spent with Lydia Hamilton.

'She never startles—she is never striking,' he said; 'she is like the moonlight.'

One day Roselle came down to spend the day, according to agreement. Hugh Hamilton and Standing came home from two days' hunt, and found her there, and Standing remained to lunch. Roselle had never looked better.

Hugh was in fine spirits, and his laugh was always ready if Roselle opened her lips, anticipating a witticism.

Standing, who had been strangely nervous when he first found himself in the presence of the two women, soon grew at ease and made himself delightfully entertaining.

"I think Miss Somers—or Roselle as you call her—is charming," said Lydia the next day to Standing. "I like her dash and sparkle, and she seems so genuine and so earnest."

Standing, who was easily swayed by the opinions of others, felt his heart thrill. After all, Roselle was charming.

He thought of her as he walked up the path in the starlight a few hours later. And, as if in answer to his thoughts, he found her sitting alone on the balcony, enveloped in a white shawl.

"I know you do not object to smoking," he said, "so I will sit down here and finish my cigar. May I?"

"Yes," she said; "and let me help you." She took the cigar with a graceful gesture and a gay laugh, and held it close beside her lips. "Would I not make a fine profile now?" she asked.

Just then a window blind was opened, and a blaze of light enveloped them. She gave back the cigar, and they fell to talking lightly, while a thousand tumultuous thoughts surged through Standing's brain.

To the average man of the world, a spice of abandon about a woman he knows to be good is fascinating and attractive, whatever the world may say of it. Standing was compelled to admit to himself that he enjoyed the bright, changing variety of Roselle's society better than he did the unexplainable sameness of Lydia Hamilton's demeanor. And yet, the world—the speech of people!

One night he sat in the commercial room of the inn, reading the paper, and Hamilton sat at a little distance, also reading.

Two strangers, sportsmen, from London, were carrying on a conversation. Suddenly the attention of Standing was called by their mentioning a name.

"Didn't I see that dashing Miss Somers in the dining hall to-night?" queried one. And the reply came—

"Yes, she is here—handsome, and faster than ever, I should judge. I saw her smoking on the balcony with a gentleman the other night."

There was a dead silence for a second.

Standing paled behind his newspaper, but did not stir. Then, with a little spring, like a young panther, Hugh Hamilton stood before the last speaker.

"You have lied, and defamed a friend of mine," he said, in a low, quiet voice. "Retract what you just now said, or I will knock your teeth down your throat."

"I—I beg pardon," he said. "I didn't suppose she was a friend of yours. I only spoke in jest."

"I would advise you not to make use of a lady's name in your jests hereafter," said Hamilton, as he turned away.

The story of Hamilton's defence of her name reached Roselle the next day. It had spread through the inn, as such news will, like wildfire.

The next time she saw him alone she tried to thank him, but her tears choked her, and she covered her face with her hands.

He took them both in his.

"I need no thanks," he said, softly. "What man would not defend the woman he loved? I love you, Roselle. Will you not be my wife?"

And she wore his diamond solitaire that night.

Standing heard a chance reference to the romantic finale of the sensation the next day. A sudden sickness seemed to seize him. He grew cold and hot by turns, and was like a man beside himself.

It was hours before he could see her alone. Then he drew her aside into an alcove.

"Roselle," he cried, a fire in his dark eyes she had never seen there before; "Roselle, what do I hear? Are you betrothed to Hamilton?—promised to be his wife?"

"Yes," she answered, very softly.

He seized her hand.

"Why did you do it?" he cried. "Did you not know I loved you—had loved you for a long time? You are sacrificing yourself to a romantic idea, Roselle, in marrying Hamilton. It must not be."

She drew her hand away, and looked him full in the eyes.

"It must be," she said. "I am not sacrificing myself to any idea. I am going to marry Hugh Hamilton, because I love him."

He heard her with a sharper pain in his soul than he had ever supposed it possible for him to suffer.

"I had dreamed—I had fancied——" he began, and paused.

"Yes, I know," she said. "I had dreamed, too—dreamed that you could make me into anything high and true and noble that you desired; but you did not try, and I began to study you—afterwards to compare you with Hugh Hamilton; and I found him so much nobler, that all my heart has gone to him. I have been a motherless girl, Standing, all my life—gay, spirited, passionate; but I always knew a loving hand could lead me to my height. I have been praised, admired, flattered, scolded, censured, slandered, and it all has made me reckless. Now I am loved, and by that love I mean to grow to all womanly grace and worth."

"But I loved you, Roselle!" he cried, his selfish heart in a wild passion of pain at the loss of her.

"No," she said; "no man loves a woman who waits for his friend to defend her name. Good night."

Two months later, when the party had all gone back to the city, Standing lingered behind.

"A man is a fool who grieves his life away over any woman," he said. "And Lydia Hamilton would be a model wife, I doubt not."

So he asked her to accept the vacancy.

"Are you not aware that I am betrothed to my cousin!" she asked, turning her calm eyes upon him in surprise. "I supposed you knew of it—an engagement of long standing, and known to all my friends. I am sorry this has occurred."

So was Standing.

An English girl met with an unpleasant episode while in Paris. She was traveling with her brother, and, being left alone by him for a short time in a carriage, a Frenchman insulted her. She told her brother when he returned, and there was a fearful outburst. The Frenchman gave him his card, and said he was sorry, and would abide by the decision of the other as to the consequences to ensue for his mistake; but certainly he never expected mademoiselle was a lady, as she was painted! The brother appealed to the very best authorities in Paris in these matters, to learn what the code was under the circumstances, and ascertained that if his sister's eyelashes were blackened and her cheeks rouged, he could have no redress, as these practices were never followed by young ladies moving in good society.

Steeple chase—Rivalry among churches.

The most healing, cooling and reliable toilet article made is Ruxus's American Face Powder. Ladies can use it with *perfect faith* in its *purity*. Sold everywhere, 25 cents per box.

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USEFUL MUCILAGE.—The following is a good recipe for a mucilage which will unite thoroughly wood or mend porcelain or glass. To 3½ ounces of a strong solution of gum arabic add 30 grains of a solution of sulphate of alumina dissolved in ½ of an ounce of water.

LIP SALVE.—As sold in the shops, this is an ointment of white wax, spermaceti and oil of almonds, colored red by alkanet root, and perfumed with the oil of rose. It has no special curative qualities: mechanically it protects cracked lips from the air, and thus relieves pain. Pure mutton tallow, if not so pleasant in its odor, will be equally effective.

BURNS, ETC.—Those who work in red-hot metals, glass-blowing, etc., are sometimes apt to burn their fingers. It is well to know that a solution of bicarbonate of soda (baking soda) promptly and permanently relieves all pain. The points to be observed are: 1. Bicarbonate of soda must be used; washing soda and common soda are far too irritant to be applied if the burn is serious. 2. The solution must be saturated. 3. The solution must be ice cold.

OPEN WINDOWS.—Very much has been written on this subject, and written unwisely. The facts are, that whoever sleeps uncomfortably cool will get ill. To put a window quite high when the mercury is at zero is an absurdity. The cooler a sleeping apartment is, the more unhealthy does it become, because cold condenses the carbolic acid formed by the breathing of the sleeper. It settles near the door and is re-breathed, and if in a very condensed form he will die before the morning. Hence we must be governed by circumstances; the first thing is, you must be comfortably warm during sleep, otherwise you are not refreshed, and inflammation of the lungs may be engendered, and life destroyed within a few days. No matter how the warmth is obtained, your room must be warm.

HAND PRINTING.—It appears that the Altisoff machine for hand printing is being rapidly adopted in Russia, the native land of the inventor. It is larger than the typewriter, with which we are familiar in this country, and it does not do its work so fast. Both hands and feet are employed in operating it. The hands turn a handle round a dial on which the letters are spaced, and the feet move a treadle. When the handle is stopped opposite a letter on the dial, that letter is ready to make its impression on the paper, which is pressed upon the type by the action of the treadle. The peculiar advantage of this Russian device can thus be summed up—it can be made to print in six complete alphabets, or in four alphabets, and the necessary signs and figures.

PERIL OF ELECTRIC LAMPS.—Not long ago, a person was instantaneously killed in Manchester, England, by inadvertently touching the exposed connections of an electric lighting apparatus, and the other day a stoker was killed in the same way on the new yacht of the Czar of Russia. There can therefore be no doubt but that the electric current feeding an ordinarily powerful electric lamp is quite capable of causing death to any person who is unfortunate enough to come in contact with it so as to "shunt" the current through any of his vital organs. In passing from one hand to another, the current is forced to traverse the breast and lungs, not to speak of the heart and spinal cord. For this reason it is absolutely necessary that great care should be exercised in handling electric lamps as they are at present constructed.

Farm and Garden.

FIRES AND HORSES.—When a fire occurs near stabling, and horses smell fire, it is very difficult to get them to move; but by merely putting on a portion of their harness, however carelessly, they will quit the stable with comparative quietude.

THE CARE OF GRINDSTONES.—The exposure of the stone to the sun has a tendency to harden it. And if one part be left in the water habitually, it will grow soft, and will wear away faster than the other. If the trough is put upon movable supports in the frame, it can be adjusted to the stone without much loss of time.

FRUIT CELLARS.—When the fruit cellar is separate from the house it should be kept just above the freezing point; such cellars do not require ventilation. Cellars under living rooms must be ventilated, otherwise the gases given off while the fruit is ripening—and too frequently decaying—will endanger the health of the inmates.

THE MANURE HEAP.—Earth is a good absorbent for use in the barn or stable. Where a bank of earth is accessible in winter to use behind the farm stock for saving the liquid manure, the value of the farm manures may be greatly increased, if not doubled. Do not let the manure-heaps become frozen. They will remain totally unchanged during the whole winter if they once become frozen solid, and in the spring there will be a lot of manure unfit for immediate use. Keep the piles well heaped up, and covered with loose manure on the top.

PRUNING.—Pruning or pinching should be more generally resorted to than it is with flowers, for by observing extra growth and varying the pruning to suit the plants, it is just as easy to have them, either in the house, or conservatory, or garden, of fine form as to have them otherwise, and they are so much more rewarding and agreeable to work among. Little danger exists of cutting away too much; persons who resort to pruning frequently err in cutting away too little. Old plants, with long, leafless branches may be entirely reshaped by severe pruning.

WINDOW GARDENS.—A successful window garden must have the sun—that is, if blossoms are desired. We do not expect very much return from our labor, unless we can have sunlight upon our plants during at least a considerable part of the day. For the best results a window with a south or south-east exposure is necessary. The water-sprinkling should not be cold; slightly tepid water is better. The leaves of the plant try to keep clean, that is simply keeping their lungs open; and they will not thrive much without that. If we want to keep our plants shapely, they must not always stand in the same position but each side be turned alternately to the light.

Card collectors please buy seven bars Dobbins' Electric Soap of any grocer and write Cragin & Co., Philad'a, Pa., for seven cards gratis, six colors and gold, Shakspeare's "Seven Ages of Man." Ordinary price, 25 cts.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 6, 1881.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In this edition will be found an article on the History of our paper, from the pen of Hon. William Moran, an old, experienced and accomplished journalist. He has been the father of five newspapers in this city; and his knowledge of the press of the whole nation enables him to speak reliably of every journal whose history he gives.

It will be seen that the "North American" has the position of being the first Daily newspaper published in America, while our Saturday Evening Post is the oldest Family and Literary Weekly. The writer, in this article, speaks plainly of the character and mission of the Post. It will be the publisher's ambition to keep it up to the high standard of excellence which it has ever maintained before the world since the first day of its issue.

SMALL TALK.

THERE are certain phrases which do duty again and again, and the use of which or the ignorance of the same proves a person to be initiated or uninitiated in what is aptly termed the small talk of society. Exclamatory phrases to denote astonishment are a large family, and a very ill-bred one. "Good gracious!" "O Lor!" "Great Heavens!" "O my!" "Well, I never!" "Did you ever?" "Dear me?" and so on, are vulgarisms to ears polite. It may be objected that these expressions are not made use of by persons who aspire to take rank among the upper classes of society, but they are.

There are several descriptions of small talk current. One delights in the gossipy, another in the matter-of-fact, a third in the humorous, a fourth in the imaginative, and so on; but conversations that take place between persons who have but just been introduced, and who have not yet discovered whether any common bond of union exists between them or not, is naturally confined to trivialities. The great difficulty with many is the choice of a subject wherewith to set the ball rolling; and those who have not a ready flow of small talk at command should bear in mind that self is a pleasant topic to most men and women, and that to express an interest in all that concerns another, whether it be pursuits, engagements, occupations, or opinions, is a safe and pleasant conversational ground to tread. But the line should always be drawn between kindly interest and idle curiosity; the one is expressive of sympathy and regard, the other is indicative of ill-breeding. There are many subjects which cannot be made channels of agreeable small talk and which, when mooted, do not fail to bore those upon whom they are inflicted, and heading the category are domestic grievances, and the shortcomings of servants in general.

The art of making agreeable small talk in a great measure consists in choosing a subject likely to prove congenial. The surest way to arrive at this is to consider the social position, occupation, and proclivities of the person with whom one intends opening a conversation. When small talk has been once fairly launched or started, a novice in the art of carrying on a conversation should beware of shooting it into a siding, or driving it into a corner from whence it is impossible to extricate it. This catastrophe is often occasioned by an abrupt remark, or by an uncomplimentary silence when a word of assent was required to give a monologue the complexion of a dialogue, whereas a "really," or "indeed," uttered in various keys at various points, gives the fillip without which a one-sided conversation must inevitably fall flat or expire from sheer inanition.

SANCTUM CHAT.

At the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, there is a room full of diamonds pearls, and other precious stones. An Empress of Russia is allowed to borrow from this room, after giving a receipt for what she takes, and generally the Grand Duchesses are allowed to borrow from it also.

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It would be a good plan to insist that the apothecary should put all poisons, liniments and the like in roughtened bottles—a special kind of which might be made for the purpose—so that the sensation imparted to the hand, even in the dark, will indicate caution, and thus prevent the liability of making a fatal mistake.

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When a man wants to enlist in the army of China his courage is subjected to a very unusual test. The recruiting officer places the candidate on a chair and proceeds to extract a tooth, and the conduct of the patient under this ordeal is said to decide the question as to his fitness for the military service of the empire. If he howls and jumps up and down he is pronounced unfit, but if he smiles and exhibits generally a feeling of satisfaction, he secures a permanent place in the ranks.

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The colossal crane at Woolwich, England, which has been upwards of four years in process of erection, and is the most powerful in the world, has now assumed a definite shape in the operation of fixing the great girder. The immensity of the work is illustrated by the amount of iron employed in its construction, which, in the aggregate, exceeds 1,800 tons, while the brass bearings alone amount to more than three tons. When completed, the crane will be capable of lifting three or four hundred tons at once.

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There are many indications that in the present condition of applied science the time is not far distant when all our telegraph lines will be under ground, where they will at least impair the beauty of streets and be protected from adverse atmospheric influences. And is it not improbable that after a few years' experience of the cost, not to say the danger, of elevated railroads in cities, noiseless, smokeless, well lighted, and wholesome tunnel routes or city rapid transit will be adopted. The facilities for both changes are even now within reach.

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Lord Beaconsfield maintains his personal relations with the Queen, which is not customary in the case of the opposition leader. Palace tradition limits all visits to Windsor to a single night, but Lord Beaconsfield stayed two recently. No precedents exist for such frequent communication between the Queen and an ex-Minister. Society gossip explains the present visit on literary grounds, the Queen desiring to talk over "Endymion" with the author, Lord Beaconsfield having sent her the first copy, richly bound, with an autograph inscription.

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The Queen of Wurtemberg's life is regulated with conventual exactness. She is the colonel of a Russian regiment, and frequently appears at review in her uniform. Her majesty inherits her father, the late czar's mania, for drill and pipe-clay. The fat, beer-drinking, pipe-smoking King, to whom she is mated, used to dispute with her about it, but at length gave in and allowed her to have her head. All he asks is to be left undisturbed in dens in his palace, in which he can enjoy a little untidiness.

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The following advertisement in a London paper is curious as showing the destination of wedding presents, which seem to be sold as soon as received:—"Lady wishes to sell rich fur trimmings in sable tails, sable, skunk, &c.; elegant sealskin paletot, diamond earrings, rings, bracelets, &c.; an exquisitely fitted traveling dressing bag, two fine fur carriage rugs, same lovely electro plated entree dishes, tea tray, fish and dessert knives and forks, and numerous other new wedding presents. Only private ladies need write; no dealers. Apply, &c."

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The company which is taking preliminary steps to ascertain whether a submarine tunnel can be made across the twenty-mile channel between England and France, has at last succeeded in driving a shaft down to the depth at which the tunnel, if practicable, would have to be made. Although in the upper strata there was a good deal of water, there is no infiltration of it in the gallery, which is in the solid rock. A second shaft is about to be driven, and the directors of the company state that if no unforeseen obstacle arises the tunnel can be completed in four years.

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It must be confessed that the building of a stable for twenty horses on top of a private mansion, access to which is obtained by means of a lift, is calculated to awaken a feeling of astonishment even in these days of marvels. Yet this is the case of a house just erected in London. Ground is very valuable in the fashionable part of London, and by relegating the horses to the top of the house two birds are killed with one stone, for space is saved and the smell of the stables avoided. The horses do not seem by any means to object to the mode of ascent; possibly they are unconscious of it on account of the the closed shutters of the lift.

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A large number of hairdressers competed in London for gold and silver medals, offered for the best coiffures by the Hair Dressers' Society. The various contests lasted till after midnight. Each competitor having brought with him his living "model," as he called her, the ladies were seated in front of looking glasses, arranged on a raised table. In the earlier competitions the hairdresser arranged his model's hair according to his own fancy, and a jury of acknowledged masters of the art of coiffure after determined which handiwork was entitled to the prize; the young ladies awaiting their decision with much patience and standing the ordeal of public with commendable self possession. The opinion of experts was that these competitions indicated a high standard of ability and taste.

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A Parisian journal says:—"We can easily understand what a 'tea' is in England, where the higher and the lower classes have national teas. There is a French tea. The Russian drinks his hot tea, perhaps his only drink of the day, on the street. There is a Chinese, a Tartar, even an Indian tea. But who ever head of an American 'tea?'" Well, there were teas in village houses in this country some thirty years ago. The pious lady of a church who heard that the tea which was given on the month before had demanded thirteen kinds of cake gave a tea to the best people of the village and had fourteen kinds of cake. There were also from ten to twenty kinds of sweetmeats, quinces being the specialty. Shortcakes were hardly worthy of mention, so white and plentifully they were. The minister always got his share of shortcakes and of sweetmeats, not because they were forced upon him, but because his appetite measured the length of the old fashioned American "tea."

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Of late the question of tattooing (not branding) has been revived in the British army to act as a check against desertion, and prevent the re-enlistment of bad characters. Some time ago when the desertions were at the rate of 5,000 a year (one artilleryman had enlisted and sold his kit eleven times in two years before he was detected) A member submitted to the Horse Guards a small instrument, with a spring, to tattoo instantaneously, and with hardly any pain, a man above the left wrist. Indian ink rubbed on the puncture left the impression of a neat small Queen's crown, in blue, the size of a dime, and indelible.

—

A triangular battle between a cat, a rat and a clam is a rare occurence, but such an affair recently interested a family on Long Island. The family while seated at the supper table had their attention attracted by a squealing sound issuing from the kitchen closet. On making an investigation a rat was found securely held by one one of its legs, which was caught in the shell of a large clam lying upon the closet floor. By the time the cat was found the rat had managed to make its way out of the closet dragging the clam with it. The cat at once attacked the rat, when the latter, notwithstanding its crippled condition, showed fight, and finally succeded in fastening its teeth in the cat's ear. The cat, wild with rage, rushed out into the yard, carrying both the rat and the clam with her. There the rat, still held a prisoner by the clam, was killed by the cat.

—

The Bishop of Rochester, England, in a recent sermon at St. Paul's, a church somewhat remarkable for its high ritual, announced that whatever was illegal in the services would have to be discontinued. This was greeted by a storm of hisses and applause. Nearly the whole congregation rose to their feet and a few women screamed, but the disturbance was soon quelled. On his way to the vicarage to disrobe, the Bishop was the subject of a hostile demonstration, a great mob following him, hooting and yelling, and greeting him with many uncomplimentary remarks. At one point a rush was made and, but for the interposition of the police, he would have been assaulted. As he left the vicarage and drove away, the ill-feeling of the congregation was again manifested, and his carriage was followed to the confines of the parish by a large crowd, who kept up a continuation of groans and hisses.

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The extraordinary Japanization of public taste which began in France, but has reached its extreme limits in England and the United States, is giving way by degrees in Great Britain to a new phase of Oriental art. The wonderful skill with which the Japanese translate objects naturally beautiful into a system of decoration that is as severe and pure in its forms as geometry itself and as opulent in color as a bed of flowers, achieved on its first assault an easy conquest of the Anglo Saxon mind. Ever since the first introduction to English favor of the broad washes, the distinct outlines, the flat treatment, and the new tones of the Japanese artist, there has been a growing eagerness on the part of English decorators to relieve the hard, utilitarian, or profuse taste of English householders with the tender and delicate ornamentations of the remote East. Just at present Japan is fast giving place to British India as the source of artistic novelties. The hammered and graven brass were of the holy city of Kioto in Mayfair, and Satsuma is forgotten in the fashionable rage for the shining trays and serages in which the needle of the patient Hindoo has traced, as in cobwebs, the pictured legend and traditions of his race and of his religion. It almost shocks one to know that even the idols of India have become playthings for English children, and that among the presents of Christmas, Anglo-Indians rejoiced to discover the effigies in miniature of many of the idol gods of India.

THE DUEL.

From morn to eve they wrestled—Life and Death.
At first it seemed to me that they in mirth
Contended, or as foes of equal worth,
So firm their feet, so undisturbed their breath;
But when the sharp red sun cut through its sheath
Of Western clouds, I saw the brown arms' girth
Tighten, and bear that radiant form to earth,
And suddenly both fell upon the heath.
And then the marvel came—for, when I fled
To where those great antagonists down fell,
I could not find the body which I sought,
And when and where it went I could not tell;
One only form was left of those who fought—
The long, dark form of Death—and it was dead.

—C. M.

LADY MARGERIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLIVIA," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—(CONTINUED)

HE drew out a ring, a locket, with a lovely tress of dark glossy hair, and a curiously woven chain of Indian workmanship, and of pure, fine, pale gold, so delicate and so fragile, that it could scarcely be belived that it could be wrought into such elaborate shape and form. The earl trembled. He did not speak for some minutes; then he touched the trinket with hands that shook visibly as he held the fragile toy. A ray of hope appeared for a minute to animate him. His eyes glittered; he took the chain rapidly in his fingers, looked at the clasp, which was of peculiar form, with a large emerald in the centre that flushed and glittered like the eye of a snake. Then he gave a deep half smothered gasp of agony, and sank back in his chair as if struck by some mortal blow.

"You are convinced?" said the man, calmly.

"Either you are he or his evil spirit," said the earl, sadly. "And yet for Cecily's sake—for the sake of her child—I cannot fear that you would fulfil the threat. You could not harm my Blanche, my darling, my pride!"

"Yours, Lord St. Clair!—and is she not mine, also?" said the man. "Have I not the best right to her disposal, the best claim to control her destiny?"

"No; you have been the evil spirit of my family, my poor child's destruction. You cannot, you dare not complete your wretched work by such villainy."

"That depends," said the man, "whether you make it worth my while to comply with your terms. I suppose that the young damsel I saw but now, was she,—that is, my ——"

"Stop, man, stop!" exclaimed the earl, fiercely. "If you dare, if you but pronounce that name, I will never even grant you one sixpence, one slightest shadow of the thing you talk of. Remember that you have no foolish, weak-minded individual to deal with, who will bear and bear, and yield and yield, at the will of a villain. Tell me, do you suppose that I am not aware that the hour your reveal what you pretend you have to say would seal your own ruin? So long as you keep the infamous secret, so long as you leave my grand daughter and heiress in undisturbed peace, so long shall the terms you may stipulate be strictly preserved; but the instant you breathe one syllable which can betray the secret the instant that a single report shall be breathed derogatory to the honor of a St Clair, from that moment all will cease, and the hour that seals the disgrace of the St. Clairs will seal your ruin and our poor Blanche's misery."

"Well, that's common sense, I must confess," said the man; "but all that remains is to state my terms; and then it may be as well to let me have a look at my ——"

Again the earl interposed, with an angry gesture.

"The first, and imperitive condition is, that you are never to pronounce that word," said the earl, sternly,—"remember that, sir. The best mode of arranging our difficulties, I can assure you, is to obey my peremptory orders, to deal frankly and simply. The matter is one of pounds, shillings, and pence. I can make it worth you while to preserve silence, to hold your tongue for ever, and to leave poor Blanche in the undisturbed possession of her rightful position."

"Her rightful position!—there may be two opinions about that," said the man, sneeringly.

"Fiend!—villain!" exclaimed the earl, "what must you be to thus malign, to even triumph in the disgrace and misery of one who, from your own showing, has such claims on your own affection, and consideration?"

"My good lord," said the man, "I have lived long enough to find that others do not consider me too kindly—even your lordship, on whom I have also some claims. I have therefore come to the conclusion that it is best to be all for one's self in this world, and I advise you to act on that principle, and make yourself and me as comfortable and amicable as possible in as short time as may be convenient. I suspect your lordship's absence may be observed if I detain you much longer."

The earl was silent for some minutes. Then he said quickly, "Name your terms."

"Humh, they may vary according to my own different necessities," said the man, coolly. "They are, however, tolerably moderate for the present. A thousand pounds down as a sort of outfit, and two thousand per annum so long as your natural life and my natural life shall last; and in case of need, I would suggest that I may require even more as a bonus, now and then. Will these terms suit you, my lord?"

The earl turned crimson. The blood flamed up into his face with indignant pride and contempt.

"Man," he said, "listen to me. It is not that I grudge the paltry pelf that you consider a recompense for the dearest affections, the noblest feelings of our nature; but I am distrustful of you, distrustful of your good faith, your future conduct. I remember too well the past; I can judge too surely for the present, that my poor child, any more than myself, would not be safe from your treachery, your wretched tyranny, and your greedy avarice. How can I tell that you will not break your faith on the slightest pretext, and that you will not make your demands more and more extortionate, till they become unbearable? I tell you, man, if I make terms with you now, it shall only be on the solemn oath the written engagement that you will never in any, the slightest way, disturb the peace of my family, or appear again before me or mine; and above all, that no word shall be breathed to the poor child herself, or any of my—that is, to any one living. And then my terms shall be ample enough to satisfy your avarice."

"And what would that be?" said the man, coolly. "It must be something worth having that will be more than I want. But go on; let's hear what you've got in your head."

"I will meet your extravagant demand so far," said the earl, wincing again. "As a bonus down, I will give you the double of what you ask, and the half afterwards as an annuity for life, should you not in any way forfeit your income by the slightest revelation, or allusion to the assertion you have made this day."

"That won't do, my lord," said the man, laughing sardonically; "that won't do. I must have more than that; and what are a few hundred pounds, more or less to you?"

"Nothing," said the earl, sternly. "nothing; but they are thus much in such an affair, such an infamous transaction as this. I have my own convictions still as to the truth of the tale; and still more, my own opinion as to the infamy of men who for gold could sacrifice all most dear to the feelings of the commonest, coarsest brute. And I tell you plainly, that I will not be the slave of such a leech as you are, nor will I suffer Blanche to be so. I offer you as liberal a remuneration as the highest claim you can require, or deserve; and you will please remember, that if you refuse them, you will lose all and gain nothing."

"I am not so sure of that, my lord," replied the man, quickly. "There are those to whom the secret would be worth any amount, and to them it should be told."

"I should have imagined you were a little wiser than that, my wily foe,—for friend you can scarcely claim to be," said the earl, looking quietly at him. "Do you think I am going to join my fathers so much sooner than yourself, that you would give up present certainty for future chances? You surely cannot forget that it would be only after my death that you would be likely to receive one-twentieth of the reward I offer."

The man looked abashed for a moment, but the next his usual effrontery returned.

"Oh, indeed, yes," said he; "well, I really do believe you to be good for fifteen years; though, take you altogether, I rather doubt whether you would be taken at the insurance offices for half the time, but say fifteen for the sake of the bond between us. That would, or even ten would, make a hole in one's life, and I grant it is a reason on your side of the affair; yes I may say it, I am free to confess you've made a good hit so far."

"Well, sir, then I presume you accede to my terms?" said the earl, restraining his disgust with difficulty.

"I do," was the reply.

"Then we will write out the terms and conclude our transaction, as I stipulate, for ever."

The earl rang the bell violently. It was quickly answered; but before the servant had reached the room the nobleman had so completely resumed his composure that no one could have guessed the stormy scene that had just taken place. The two gentlemen appeared as if simply discussing ordinary business, and the earl calmly ordered his check book and pen and ink to be brought to the apartment. It only seemed that the earl had some payment to make, though the time was somewhat extraordinary for the interview and transaction.

The earl's writing was perhaps somewhat larger and more wide apart than usual, as he hastily penned a few lines of agreement and signed a cheque. Once more the bell was pulled, and then the paper was handed to the man.

"Be so good as to read that," said the earl; "my servant will witness your signature."

The words of the agreement were clear and precise, according to the previous arrangement. Not a quibble could be made, no objection raised.

Ere the servant was again admitted the tacit consent of both parties was given, and the earl and his guest were fully prepared to complete the bargain. The signatures were affixed, the paper was covered for the servant to witness the transaction; then the cheque was handed to the man, whose eyes glanced eagerly at it.

"Now, sir," said the earl, rising, "our business is over, I trust, for ever. For your own sake, as well as mine, I desire this to be our last interview."

"All right, most noble—no right honorable—that's the phrase—my right honorable lord earl," replied the man; "I will only trouble you for the half-yearly cheques; or, perhaps, even quarterly might suit me better."

"As you please," said the earl, in vain striving to crush down his disgust and loathing. "Give a direction where they may be sent, and a receipt obtained."

The man snatched up the pen, wrote a few words on a card, and threw it on the table.

"There, my lord," said he, "that will serve your turn, I think, and now I shall have the honor of wishing you good night."

The earl gave a stately bow, pulled the bell, and did not again resume his seat till the door had closed on his guest; then he sank down on the chair and groaned. "My poor, poor child!" said he.

It was at least an hour ere the earl joined the company again.

CHAPTER XV.

IT was the morning after the ball. Sir Rupert had not slept much after retiring to rest; his mind had been too completely engrossed and excited with the events of the evening for sleep. The whole scene of that memorable day was flitting across his brain with feverish reality. The magnificence of his betrothed's dwelling and heritage, the dignified hauteur of the grandparents, and yet more, the beauty and grace of the bride offered to his acceptance and the yet more taking and bewitching maidenly reserve, and fascinating archness of the young girl, were strong and tempting arguments in favor of the prospect before him. And yet, on the other side was the overpowering force of a sudden and perhaps irresistible and causeless love; for Rupert Pelham's own sense and discretion told him that Isabel Lisle was really not to be compared to her cousin in feminine beauty, in maidenly behavior, and in the other endowments of woman's truest charms. But in spite of all that—in spite of the rich heritage, the beauty, the rank, the fascination of Blanche St Clair, the young man felt a strange conviction that no one but Lady Margerie's daughter could make him really happy, really win his heart. Lady Margerie's daughter and poverty, Lady Margerie's daughter and the uncertainty of happiness, Lady Margerie's daughter and the obscurity of a poor embarrassed baronet's life on one side, and on the other, Blanche and fortune—the heiress of St. Clair and an earl's coronet, the heiress of St Clair and the return of title and wealth and ancient name to the family. Could he hesitate?

It was indeed a tempting vision,—one that has many a time and oft deluded and dazzled the brain and misled the feelings and actions of the young, aye and even of the middle aged, among erring mortals. And Rupert Pelham—young, proud, impetuous, unused to control and discipline of his own actions—was precisely one to be dazzled and led astray by such temptations. But then, on the other hand came the terrible realities of debt, of disgrace, the necessity to fly the country, to abandon the home and rank of his forefathers, to bring a slur on his ancient name. Isabel would not realize these charming visions. She would not be lady of the old hall of the Pelhams, not the fair tressured bride whom he would fain introduce with pride and delight to the world his chosen, his lovely wife. No, instead of that sweet vision came the idea of bailiffs, of seizures, of flight, or a weeping wife, an indignant mother-in-law, a wretched death, perhaps suicide.

It was no pleasant vision for the unlucky young baronet, and even Isabel Lisle's charms could not completely dazzle his eyes so as to confuse and hide that dark, gloomy cloud.

A tremendous knock at the door aroused him from his reverie. In truth, the application for admittance had been made more than once, unnoticed by the young man; and the well bred domestic had been driven at length to more noisy demonstrations of his presence.

"Come in!" shouted the baronet.

He supposed he had over-watched his time of rising, and that the loud summons betokened the near approach of the breakfast hour, and imminent displeasure of his host at his tardy appearance, but instead of the entrance of the man with the orthodox can of hot water, there was only a servant bearing a letter.

"Please, Sir Rupert,—I beg pardon,—but here is a letter for you; and as 'Immediate' is written on the envelope, I did not presume to detain it till the bell rang."

The young man took the letter, and glanced at the handwriting. A flush came over his face as he gazed. The hand was that of a woman, and a lady. Could it be from Blanche, dissolving the contract tacitly entered in between them? Could it be from Isabel, with half veiled assurance that his homage was not disagreeable to her? Could it be from Lady Margerie demanding an explanation of his conduct. Such were the wild fancies that darted through Sir Rupert's brain, even in the brief instant during which the servant waited for farther orders.

"Can I do anything for you, Sir Rupert?" at last observed the patient domestic.

"Nothing—at least—yes; I suppose it is nearly time for breakfast."

"Breakfast is served at pleasure, Sir Rupert. There is no fixed hour at St. Clair."

"Indeed," said he; "I hardly thought such modern fashions would have found their way to the Castle. But it is a very sensible custom."

The man retired, and Sir Rupert hastily proceeded to open the letter he held in his hand. It was with a beating heart, for the scented, glossy paper, the faintly marked seal, the whole style of the packet spoke, as he thought, of female refinement and gentle birth. His eyes glanced at the date, the commencement, and his face lost the glow of gratified pleasure, though not the curiosity of its expression. It had only the day of the month at the heading, no address, no clue to the writer. It simply began—

"SIR RUPERT PELHAM,—The following facts, which relate to a young lady to whom, rumor says, you are about to be espoused, or at least betrothed, may or may not be interesting to you or credited by you, but at any rate this truth is unvarnished and clear; and the sole object of the writer in communicating it, is simply a desire for your honor and happiness. The facts are patent to few, though suspected by many, who do not dare to breathe them to the ears of those most concerned in knowing all that relates to the former history of the daughter and grand-daughter of the Earl of St. Clair. They are shortly these:—

"The parents of the young lady, now reputed the heiress of an ancient title and name, made a runaway match, if indeed match it was. Six months after that elopement the little girl, now so exalted in the eyes of the world, first drew breath,—a stigma on her birth, even if that is the worst of the case; but it is not. There are strong doubt as to the marriage at all. I will give you an idea of the truth of the doubt.

"It is a positive fact that none of the family of the St. Clairs were present at the marriage. Lady Cecily herself was never seen after her elopement; and I can swear to a fact, which is easily to be ascertained, that the father of the young lady about to become your bride was drowned when about to proceed to the Cape on sick leave some three months after they left India; that the unfortunate young mother died of small pox after her husband's death,—if he were indeed her husband.

"It was, however, at least two months after that when the child was brought over to England, and not till it had long been very certain that no child would be born to Lady St. Clair did the proud earl and his wife adopt and acknowledge the natural and apparent heiress of the property and title. Besides which, you will perceive, Sir Rupert, that the child was at once endowed with the name of St. Clair, in preference to that to which she was legally entitled. I ask you, Sir Rupert, whether appearances are not completely against the girl's legitimacy, and whether it is at all safe or prudent for any man to marry the supposed heiress of a noble house, under such strong doubts of her right to the name and the property that may be at any time publicly and disgracefully wrested from her?

"I will only add that if I see there is any result from this communication to encourage me in any further attempts to save a noble minded and highly born man from disgrace and treachery, I will not fail to renew my communication as I see occasion, and, it may be, in due time to reveal my real name. Your most sincere friend and well-wisher, and an enemy to fraud and imposition."

Sir Rupert Pelham perused this letter with breathless interest. Again he perused the statement, and, alas for poor Blanche, with yet additional belief. It was so corro-

borative of several little hints that had reached him, unnoticed and unheeded in other days; of little words that returned with strange force to a memory from which they had departed, or in which they had slept,—all these tended to give importance to what would perhaps have been torn asunder as a contemptible and infamous slander.

The letter was scarcely perused a second time, ere the return of the servant with hot water and a message from Colonel Harcourt, brought to the mind of the young baronet the necessity of waking up from his dreams, and returning to the common affairs of life.

"Please, Sir Rupert, Colonel Harcourt will be glad to join you at breakfast in your dressing room, when you are at leisure to receive him."

"Tell the colonel I will be ready in half an hour."

"Shall I return, Sir Rupert?"

"No—yes—perhaps I may want something."

Accordingly, in about half the time arranged, the servant appeared, to assist the baronet in his toilette.

This matter duly arranged, and the domestic dismissed, the gentleman at last went down to a breakfast worthy of the north, rather than the south of the British Isles; and Colonel Harcourt for one did it full justice.

But he noticed that Sir Rupert's partridge was nearly untouched, and a cup of Mocha standing cold on the table beside him.

"Why, what's up, Pelham?" exclaimed the colonel. "Is the heiress too much for you, or are you hesitating between the means of procuring daily luxuries like those by which we are surrounded, or the lingering, tormenting longing after the fair Isabel?"

"I confess I have been fool enough to spoil my breakfast. Look here, Harcourt!"

The colonel stretched out his hand for the proffered letter.

"In confidence, remember," added the baronet, as he folded the missive.

"In confidence," repeated the colonel; and he ran hastily over the pages. Then he returned it to his friend with a contemptuous smile.

"What baseness!" said he. "What cursed baseness!"

"It is true," said the baronet, hesitatingly; "or, at least, it may be true, that such a letter is base. Yet I doubt, strongly doubt, that any one would venture to assert all that without foundation."

"And if it were true?" asked Colonel Harcourt.

"Then I would cut off my right hand," exclaimed Sir Rupert; "and, what is worse, spend my life in prison, or fly the country, rather than marry her, had she the wealth of the Rothschilds tacked to her petticoat."

"Well," said the colonel, smilingly, "I can't quite agree with you. In the first place, the matter has been clearly hushed up, or the young lady could scarcely have been allowed to be so long the heiress of the St. Clairs in peace and quietness. But it is extremely probable that she was born in wedlock, though whether rather too much in haste to see this troublesome world remains to be seen. And, lastly, as she is a St. Clair and you a St. Clair by descent, and I suppose you would be the next heir, failing that branch, it appears to me to be both prudent and generous and wise to overlook any little irregularities,—always supposing that they exist, and to secure for yourselves and your descendants the right at once to your family honors and estates."

"I am not so sure that you are right," said Sir Rupert, flushing. "I am not certain, Harcourt, whether I should be the next heir: not quite certain," he added; and again the blood rushed up in his face.

"Indeed!" said Harcourt; "then who'd step into the deserted shoes, or rather slippers, of the lovely Blanche?"

Sir Rupert hesitated, and an ingenuous confusion, that proved him still young and true, appeared in his look and tone.

"I am not sure," he said, "but I suspect; I should think it must be the Lady Margaret Lisle."

"Stuff and nonsense, man!" exclaimed Harcourt. "Why, don't you say at once Miss Isabel Lisle!. It was her name on your lips, and her black eyes glistening before your face that made you crimson up in that girl fashion. I could not have believed it of you."

"Believed what?" asked the baronet.

"That the true reason for your readiness to credit that precious effusion was your hope that your *inamorata* and the heiress of St. Clair might turn out to be one and the same person," replied Harcourt.

"Harcourt!—this from you?" cried Sir Rupert, his eyes flashing. "I wouldn't marry Isabel Lisle, were she in Blanche's present place, and still less would I marry her were she in the stead of that poor girl, were this statement proved. I can neither risk dishonor by marrying a girl of questionable birth, nor by wedding one whom my own act may place in her room."

"You are a good fellow, a very good fellow, Pelham," said Colonel Harcourt, grasping his hand; "and, for the life of me, I cannot say you are wrong in your decision; but there is one consolation,—I do not for a moment believe the statement is true. The straightforward course is always the safest one in the end; and if you will believe an old soldier, and a man who has had ten years' more experience in the world than yourself, you will follow my advice. Take that letter straight to Lord St. Clair, and ask him the truth."

"And I, for once, my dear Harcourt, must differ with you," said Sir Rupert, with more firmness and decision than he had yet spoken. "If I make up my mind not to marry the girl, I am certainly not going to lend myself to any plans to deprive her of her inheritence, or the old man of his happiness. It is no fault of Miss St. Clair's if her mother went wrong, and most assuredly I shall leave it to my unknown friend to work out his plans as he pleases. I am not going to mix myself up in any underhand plots; and, to tell you the truth, Harcourt, I am still more determined on the matter, since you reminded me that Miss Lisle would be the next heiress to the fortune and title. I admire Isabel too much not to distrust myself in such a transaction. And now, having settled this knotty point, I will take a slice of that pigeon-pie. My appetite returns as my doubts vanish."

Sir Rupert Pelham at last did ample justice to the breakfast.

CHAPTER XVI.

DAYS passed on—days of varied amusement and constantly changing festivities at Castle St. Clair. The party staying in the Castle was of itself enough to accomplish and carry out any plans of amusements, and the number was added to by various instalments of the neighbors and gentry round.

Dinners, dances, theatricals—everything that could be devised by wealth, by youth, by pleasure-loving girls and cavaliers, by match-making mammas and luxury seeking papas, were the galeties and occupations of the week that celebrated the coming out of the heiress of St. Clair.

It was amusing to see the conduct and varied manœuvres of the personages more directly concerned. Colonel Harcourt was young enough to appreciate and to join in the galeties and plans going on around him; handsome enough to be an acceptable partner in the ride, the walk, and the theatricals, and agreeable and clever enough to win the golden opinions and the willing cooperation of all within the sphere; and he had also the double advantage of feeling himself a cool spectator of the drama enacting around him.

It might therfore be a preconceived or unfounded prejudice on his part that made him observe, or fancy he observed, an interchange of glances, or evident understanding between the fair Isabel and Sir Rupert Pelham, as the former followed her mother into the apartment where he stood. It was but a momentary glance, and yet Charles Harcourt thus interpreted it—a bewitching, half sly, half seducing, alluring glance from Isabel's beautiful eyes, that said more plainly than words how readily she would accept the attentions and homage that he, in his turn appeared at once eager, yet reluctant, to pay.

Colonel Harcourt was sufficiently in the secret of Sir Rupert's feelings to read them aright, whatever might be the real sentiments of the less transparent Isabel Lisle. And he could almost sympathize with the struggles of a man so sorely tempted by a lovely and, as he believed, unscrupulous syren, had he not deemed Blanche St. Clair so strong and impenetrable a shield against any such attacks; but at any rate, Sir Rupert Pelham did not openly yield.

But it so happened this particular day, whether from accident, from design, or the natural law, that placed the two young ladies of the house in juxtaposition to each other, it so chanced that Isabel Lisle was on the other side of Sir Rupert Pelham, and that her cavalier was one of the most stupid but noblest and richest guests at the Castle.

Lord Hartmoor was evidently much taken with his fair charge, and did his best, in a most successfully idiotic style, to amuse her. And considering that he was a viscount, with a dukedom in expectancy, the young lady might fairly be supposed to tolerate a yet greater amount of stupidity than fell even to the lot of this unfortunate young sprig of a noble house. Could it be wondered at, then, if Sir Rupert's vanity was touched by her oblivious preference of himself, her dignified checks of the inane compliments, her quick, short replies to the stupid remarks of her noble partner at the table?

Lord Hartmoor was yet more riveted by the simple monosyllables, the quiet, reserved dignity of the young beauty, so different from the eager attempts to win his attention to which he had been accustomed in fashionable life; and the young baronet could scarcely resist, unmoved, the flattering and obvious preference of the brilliant belle whose glittering eyes glanced so softly and expressively on him, and whose voice sounded sweeter, and more low, when conversing in brief whispers, with himself.

Blanche looked on, and listened unmoved. Was she unaware of the plans for her establishment, or utterly indifferent to their success?—Colonel Harcourt could not decide, Sir Rupert could not decide, and the Lady Margerie and Isabel could not decide.

The countess looked with proud content from time to time in the direction of her grandchild, and the earl's stern face was moved with varied and expressive shadows as he, too, glanced fitfully on the fair young girl.

"I think we are to act charades to-night—is it not, so?" observed Sir Rupert, with more than his usual deference, to Blanche.

"Certainly; I believe grandmamma has arranged it," she said, quietly. "You are to act in them, Sir Rupert; I think I saw your name in the programe."

"It is quite an organized thing, then," he said; "not an impromptu, like so many of these affairs?"

"I think the words and characters are fixed on;" she replied; "but, of course, subject to the free will of the persons concerned, whether they will accept the parts or not."

"Of course I am at Lady St. Clair's orders," (he did not say at Blanche's) "and if I can be of any use to her it is enough. But what are the words in question?"

"One is "Invalid," " replied Blanche, smilingly; "another is "The Will," and the third——"

Sir Rupert started. The words were so strangely coincident with what was going on.

"Is it your own or the Lady St. Clair's choice, these ill-omened words?" he asked, smiling.

"Ill omened?" she repeated simply; "I do not believe in such slight coincidences being omens, Sir Rupert. It must be a very poor faith that can be shaken by such foolish nonsense. But I ought not to speak on such matters, Sir Rupert, especially here and to you."

"Why here and to me?" he asked.

"It is too large an assembly, and you are a stranger," she replied.

"A cousin, fair Blanche," said he.

"Still a stranger," she persisted, laughingly, "and till you have earned the right to be called a friend, you must be content to remain 'stranger cousin.' But the characters are to be acted, nevertheless, and you must do your best, remember."

The changes from grave to gay, from youthful dignity to girlish archness, were as bewitching as her beauty was rare; and Sir Rupert for the moment, began to doubt whether it were not possible, as well as prudent, to give himself up to that lovely girl, and forget that her cousin had ever been the goddess of his adoration. Isabel's gentle, scarcely-breathed sigh first recalled him to himself.

Blanche's perfect serenity was both unflattering and amusing to the watchful eyes that were fixed on her. The entire calmness of her face, the unmoved peace and amiability with which she smiled on Isabel, as she twined her arm in her cousin's on their rising from the table, and the half amused, half inquiring glance she turned on Sir Rupert, were so perfectly distinct from the least twinge of feminine jealousy, or wounded pride and affection, that Charles Harcourt laughed outright.

"Pelham is a born idiot," he thought. "That girl is worth millions, if he can get her; and, what is more, her heart is sufficiently hard to win to be well worth the trouble. She is no school girl, to be ready to jump at the chance of being a bride, and far less to desire to rival her cousin from a girlish pique, or thirst for conquest. If she marries Pelham, it will be because she loves, or because she feels it her duty to obey her grandparents, not because she wishes to be free from restraint, or for the prestige of an early wedding."

And Charles Harcourt was right.

* * * * *

Two hours later, and the guests of St. Clair were assembled in another part of the extensive reception rooms of the Castle. The mere spectators of the exhibition about to take place were arranged in the saloon called the green drawing-room; and in an inner apartment, known from time immemorial as the "Countess's room," the few who were to act in the coming charades were to show their powers; while the last room of the suite was to be a sort of "green room" for the amateur performers.

Lord Hartmoor, Colonel Harcourt, Blanche St. Clair, Isabel Lisle, and Sir Rupert Pelham, were to act in the first scene, which, as the fair heiress had said, were to be the first syllable of the word "Invalid."

"Pray what is the word?"—"Do give me a hint," buzzed about in vain. No one knew, and all were left to guess the truth.

At last the curtain rose, and the scene of a village inn presented itself. Presently entered Colonel Harcourt as mine host, and an Honorable Miss Ellen, an old maid of a jolly and good-natured sort, as the landlady, dressed and got up in unimpeachable style. From their brief dialogue it was plain that a terrible storm had been raging, and that they, living near the seashore, had been both anxious and expectant that the ocean might bring them an unusual cargo of guests.

Then Sir Rupert and Blanche, weather-beaten and drenched with the storm, claimed shelter in the inn. They were apparently agitated and wearied, as well as wet and hungry, and the fair Blanche looked and acted her part to perfection.

The whole scene was rapidly gone through. The guests were kindly received, placed at a blazing fire and left to warmth and repose, while the host and hostess retired to prepare sleeping rooms and supper for the travelers. Then came brief half intelligible sentences, which betrayed the fugitives' real position. An elopement and a storm; terror and conscious imprudence, if not guilt, were portrayed in a few brief sentences and looks; and then the curtain fell amidst the plaudits of the audience.

Scarcely had the spectators time to express their approbation and surprise, when again the curtain rose on the same scene; and the young couple appeared with a Mr. Booth, in the garb of a professional lawyer, drawing up a contract for the marriage of the pair. Various perplexities and doubts were expressed by the bridegroom elect, while the bride appeared in a calm, confiding state of mind, that touched the spectators far more than the the most terrible and obtrusive agitation. At last the fussy rapid little lawyer pronounced the contract perfectly "valid," and the curtain again fell. Some minutes later it rose again.

A chamber in a distant region, or at least fitted as far as possible to represent a foreign land. A large pile of cushions, a lovely young figure lying on the couch, with every appearance of extreme fragility and delicacy, and wrapped in a long white robe. At her side her husband, watching her with half sad, half impatient looks. He questions her quickly, earnestly, as to the cause of her evident grief, that is wasting her very life's blood. She is reluctant to speak. Her pleading eyes, her half-repressed tears, her anxious endeavors to evade and soothe the questioner, are all in vain. He becomes more and more determined, almost fierce in his queries. The invalid is silent for a time, to gather strength and courage, then she whispers the faint words "Home—my father—my mother." The husband frowns, and asks, "Am I not sufficient, Helena?" The wife has not time to reply, when the door opens and Isabel Lisle, led by Lord Hartmoor appears. Blanche gives a faint shriek, "My sister, my darling sister!" "And the heiress, I regret to say of the whole of the late Count's wealth," says the little lawyer, pertly, "I regret to say, my dear friends, that the contract, owing to the lady being a minor, turned out to be Invalid." And amidst the trembling emotion of Blanche, the curses of the baronet, and the triumphant but veiled exultation of Isabel, again the curtain dropped.

There were great and irrepressible plaudits, but also some whispered comments on the scene just enacted; and more than one noted the stern, angry displeasure on the face of the Earl St. Clair; but before there was space for any really open or prolonged criticism the curtain rose again on the next charade—The Will.

Again the word, and also the scene chosen to display it, were somewhat emblematical,—the sickness, and the attendance on a dying father of three daughters. The reading of the will, made in favor of one to the exclusion of the rest, and the indignation and bitter resentment of the two disinherited, formed the other scenes, that were powerfully acted, though perhaps less novel and less touching than the first.

Then came the third word, with which we will not weary our readers by describing, and then whole amusements closed. The actors hastened to change their dresses, and the whole party, actors and spectators, prepared to close the evening with a dance.

But the earl was nowhere to be seen, and the Lady Margerie was summoned, ere the conclusion of the evening, to his study, where high and angry words were soon heard by the servants who passed the door. And it got whispered abroad that it was the Lady Margerie who had arranged and devised the characters and tableaux.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Among the passengers who boarded the east bound train the other day, were a bride and groom of the regular hollyhock order. Although the car was full of passengers, they commenced to squeeze hands and hug as soon as they were seated. This, of course, attracted attention, and pretty soon everybody was nodding and winking, and several persons so far forgot themselves as to laugh outright. By-and by the broad-shouldered and red handed groom became aware of the fact that he was being ridiculed, and he unlinked himself to the height of six feet, looking up and down the aisle, and said: "There seems to be considerable nodding and winking around here because I'm hugging the girl who was married to me at seven o'clock this morning. If the rules of this railroad forbid a man from hugging his wife after he's paid full fare, then I'm going to quit; but if the rules don't, and this winking and blinking isn't cut short off when we pass the next mile post, I m going to begin on the front seats and create a rising market for false teeth and crutches." If there were any more winks and blinks in that car the groom did not catch them at it.

"Dust to dust!" said a careful housekeeper. "I should think so. I've plenty dust to dust every morning."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

From the West Philadelphia Telephone.

In our former article on the "Journals and Journalists of Philadelphia," we gave a succinct and comprehensive history of the *North American*, referring to it as the "oldest newspaper in America."

Now we come to speak of another well-established and valuable newspaper, which honorably claims for itself the title of being "the oldest literary and family paper in the United States," founded in the year 1821

It has had its vicissitudes—its fortunes and misfortunes—but to day it is the *pioneer* among newspapers for inculcating principles of morality and elevating the standard of true literature. Of latter years the home circle in every city of our great republic has been invaded by the publications of men who not caring for the influence upon the community of the articles therein contained were intent only upon making money. This, too, at a fearful cost, viz., the demoralization of the minds of children, and the inculcation of false ideas.

'Tis time for the press to stand out boldly and firmly for the right: and we may here say that the newspaper which in this respect performs its duty honors itself, and is the paper which should be supported and sustained.

Years ago there was a compositor in the office of the *Village Record*, published in West Chester, who whilst in that position wrote a few stanzas on "A Blind Girl," which were put in type by a blind compositor, who was the daughter of Mr Miner, at the time the publisher of the *Record* The stanzas gained popular sympathy, and inquiry being made, it was ascertained that Robert S. Coffin was the author. In 1831 he had attained reputation as a poet, his *nomme de plume* being that of the "Boston Bard."

Coming to Philadelphia he desired to issue a literary newspaper, to be entitled *The Bee* Procuring some two hundred subscribers, the list at last came into the hands of Charles Alexander who had formerly been connected with Zachariah Poulson's *Daily Advertiser* Mr. Alexander joined in partnership with Samuel C. Atkinson, of the firm of Hall & Atkinson, (this latter being successors to the old firm of Hall & Pearie), who carried on the printing business in the same office which had been occupied by Benjamin Franklin, back of No 53 Market street.

Here the new firm of Alexander & Atkinson commenced the publication of the SATURDAY EVENING POST its first number being published on the 4th of August, 1821, the subscribers to the *Bee* being its first paying list

Mr. Coffin went to his home in Newburyport, Mass., and a few years afterwards died of consumption. His poems were of great value, appealing to the best sympathies of the heart, and were afterwards published in book form.

When the POST was ushered into existence, T Cottrell Clarke was the editor. As a writer he possessed uncommon ability, and his productions met with general favor He labored faithfully and earnestly until 1836 when he withdrew and established the *Ladies' Album* a weekly of great literary merit, but which finally merged into the Pennsylvania *Inquirer*, a newspaper managed by Robert Morris, and which finally passed into the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, now published by W. W. Harding.

After Mr. Clarke's retirement he was succeeded by Morton McMichael, who afterwards became the first editor of the *Saturday Courier*, and finally publisher of the *North American and United States Gazette*

The SATURDAY EVENING POST was first printed on two of Patrick Lyon's presses, and the labor then performed in order to work off an edition cannot be fully understood by those who belonging to the "art preservative of all arts" at the present day have presses of every conceivable improvement.

In 1828, Mr. Atkinson, who clung to the fortunes of the POST with a will and a tenacity of purpose, became the sole proprietor of the POST, and he then employed Benjamin Matthias as editor, who in a few years afterwards associated himself with Joshua L. Taylor, the founder of the *Saturday Chronicle*. Mr. Matthias was afterwards elected to the State Legislature, giving up his editorial career. For several sessions he presided as Speaker of the State Senate, and was the author of the well known and popular 'Matthias' Legislative Manual, 'which was adopted by all well regulated organizations and societies, as an authority upon all matter connected with rules of order and parliamentary proceedings.

Among the other editors employed upon the POST after Mr. Matthias retirement we may mention the names of Charles J Peterson, Rufus W. Griswold, Henry Peterson, and H. Hastings Weld.

The publication office of the POST was removed frequently, and finally in the year 1874 it was established at No 726 Sansom street, where it is now published, and with even greater ability and effect than in former years.

The publication of the POST was continued by Mr. Atkinson until November, 1839, when he sold the paper to John S. Du Solle and George R. Graham. The former remained with the paper but a few months, when he was succeeded by Charles J Peterson, the firm and name then becoming George R Graham & Co That firm, after conducting the paper successfully, sold it out in 1843 to Samuel E Patterson & Co., who in 1846 themselves disposed of it to Emanuel Deacon and Henry Peterson, who had each of them been in part stockholders

The POST, under the management of Mr. Peterson, entered upon a career of prosperity, its circulation rapidly increased, and it became a welcome visitor to the family circle of thousands in every section of the Union. Many younger literary journals became united with it, such as the *Saturday News* published by Louis A. Godey; the *Saturday Chronicle* by Matthias & Taylor; and the *United States*, published in 1841-2 by Swain, Abel & Simmons, the original founders of the *Public Ledger*

The SATURDAY EVENING POST has the proud gratification of being the oldest family newspaper published on our continent For sixty years, the ablest writers of this country and Europe have contributed to its columns. Among some famous American names, we may refer to Horace Greeley, Bayard Taylor, and Edgar A Poe, and others; of English authors, G P R James Mary Hewitt, Mrs. Henry Wood, and a number of others. Many publications which first appeared in the POST were afterwards republished by the leading newspapers of England with such favorable comments as to bring the POST in greater reputation as a literary newspaper in Philadelphia.

The POST for many years maintained its position and hold upon the popular mind as a newspaper of talent and merit, towering above all family and weekly journals. At last, the introduction of flash and sensational weeklies interfered with its progress. In order to push forward their circulation, advertisements were frequently published in a leading daily newspaper of our city, occupying a whole page, in which tales, under the garb of romances and novels, were partly published, referring readers to a continuance of the same in coming editions of such papers. These tales, etc., were of a poisonous character to the youthful mind, but the means taken to advance their circulation, it is not to be surprised that such weeklies should not only boast, of but obtain a circulation of at least half a million of copies

Of a necessity, such publications as these, catering to sensualism and immorality, could not but prove of a baneful and evil influence, and operate disastrously to the publication of a pure and highly moral weekly; one which ranked as a first-class literary and family newspaper.

The POST, however, has ever maintained under all vicissitudes, its high moral character In all departments, whether of prose, poetry, history, or romance, has ever been edited by the purest and ablest writers of both sexes, not only of our own America, but of Europe. This character of talent the POST retains to this day.

Another severe blow to the success of the paper, was the rebellion, its subscription list at that time being of the largest character not only in the South, but in the West, and, in fact, all over the land where intelligence had an abiding place. But as God doeth all things well, His will and power comes to the rescue of the fathers and mothers of our Republic and extends His aid to all the appliances for promoting the proper education of the children, and moulding their minds in the channel which leads to purity and integrity of character. No better way of improving the minds of the young can be produced than that of placing in their hands a first-class newspaper or magazine which gives good reading upon all subjects including History, Statesmanship, and Romance. This will ever prove an instrument in the hands of Divine Providence for accomplishing great good.

It is a fact worthy to be noticed that when Harper & Bros. and George Munro commenced the publication of the Waverly novels, the works of Goldsmith and other eminent authors, as well as works upon history, &c., and placed them in the market at the price for one publication at which the flashy and sensational weeklies were published, that from that instant a desire was created in the nation for the perusal of works of the higher order of literature and of pure moral character The cheap publications of these firms have at last proven a death blow to the flashy productions known as ten cent novels and weeklies of the same standard; and as a result, the boasted circulations of these weeklies of half a million copies per week, has at last narrowed down to 100 000 Popular appetite for a solid and high character of reading has been promoted, and of necessity great and important results will follow—thousands of both sexes will be redeemed from demoralization, and good seed will be sown which will bring forth fruit to the elevation of humanity and the perpetuity of our Republic. Old as well as young will be permanently benefitted, and all become acquainted with the calm and wholesome reasoning and teaching of master minds, who have lived in the past and placed their impress upon the minds of millions of people wherever the English tongue is spoken or taught. This sentiment is nowhere now more fully appreciated than by the people of the United States. A healthy reaction has taken place—a demand is now made for literature of the best character, and the people will be satisfied with naught else. The fact betokens good for the nation, for upon the education of the masses, and the diffusion of correct moral principles, depends the future of the nation.

In this good work the SATURDAY EVENING POST has taken a prominent part and its proprietor and editors are justly entitled to warm and generous support The circulation, we are happy as Philadelphians to say, is rapidly on the increase. Weekly its columns abound with articles calculated to benefit the home circle, and the words of truth therein contained will long live to bless the writers and all concerned in their publication.

New Publications.

Charles Algernon Swinburne, the well-known English poet has issued another volume, entitled "A Midsummer Holiday" The pieces in this work are all short and the present work only covers twenty-four. It possesses all his peculiar power of fancy, fluency of language, and flow of verse. If anything, they are rather more remarkable in this latter respect than in the others. No one has ever shown the capacity of our tongue for smooth rhythm greater than Swinburne, and this collection affords an excellent proof of it. His partisans will find nothing in it to lessen their enthusiasm, and those to whom he is a stranger will find much to admire. Worthington, publisher, New York.

In these days when so much is published as poetry that stretches courtesy to the breaking point to call by that name, it is more than a pleasure to meet with something that really deserves the title. "Four O'Clocks," by Helen Barron Bostwick, is such a work. Its little [illegible] hundred pages fairly overflow with the poetic spirit. If naturalness and originality of imagery coupled with fine perception of beauty and harmonious flow of language be the requisites of the art, she is a poetess in the best sense. While few of the poems are over a page in length, every line almost contains a pearl of thought. They are full of feeling, and impress at once as coming from the soul. Truth is always simple, and the spirit that gives life to these charming pages makes itself felt at once. There is nothing vague, nothing indistinct,—the eye meets the words, and the heart feels them They are, in fact, everything that goes to the poetic [illegible] Published by Cassell & Co.

"Country Life and City Love" is the name which gives title to a neatly printed and bound little book of poems, by Charles Henry St. John. They are chiefly of the narrative order, and several border on the facetious Judged by the high standard of poetry, they contain very little of its spirit, but in the ingredients of pleasant point, simplicity of idea, clearness of language, and smoothness of versification, they are all that the general reader can [illegible] Not very striking beauty of fancy or composition is met, but they afford pastime for a few hours in this country and other similar reading a quarter that certainly should [illegible] A. Williams & Co., publishers, Boston.

MAGAZINES

The United Service for January contains valuable articles upon the following subjects by leading army and navy officers, and others prominent in this country and England: "The Organization of the Military Academy," "A Medal of Honor for Officers," "Facts in Favor of Compulsory Retirement," "Opening of the Mississippi," "The Cavalry of the British Army," "Two Battle Pictures," "Wills of Army Officers," "Hope," "Compound Armor," "The Organization and Employment of the German Artillery," editorial notes, literature of the service, etc., etc. Hammersly & Co., publishers, this city.

The November number of Morford's Monthly opens with a poem by John Hay Fenno, entitled "Time's Room of Pictures." The other contributions are [illegible] for National Outlook' The others are 'Americans in Venice,' by Constance Adams,' 'By Ways of East Indian Sport' by Gen H B Vaughan, 'No Names,' by Paul Pastnor; 'Art and Nature,' by James Joseph [illegible] 'Poems of the Country;' continuing chapters of the serial, 'Among Cannibals,' 'Nonsense Rhymes of Mad Age,' 'Seven Little Things I Have Put For,' by [illegible] 'The Engineer's Murder,' by Henry Morford; 'French Rapid Transit' by Lawrence Doyle Donovan; 'D'Alembert's Hate,' by Henry Morford; 'Memories of the Stage,' by Wm Linn Keese, 'Lafayette College and President Cattell,' by Henry Morford; Editorial and Fashion Notes. The frontispiece is a picture of Pardee Hall, belonging to Lafayette College

Appleton's Journal for January begins a new volume, and the publishers announce their intention of adapting to their purpose of providing intelligent readers with literature of a permanent and sterling character on all topics which affect public welfare and general culture. "Large space," they say, "will continue to be given to literary and art themes, to discussions of social questions, to critical and speculative essays, to papers, original and selected, that in any way [illegible] to interest intelligent people, or which will reflect the intellectual activity of the age." A feature will be brilliant novelettes from French, British and home writers, and special attention will be given to contributions and analytical reviews of important new books. A [illegible] department has been added, under the title of 'Notes for Readers,' in which will be preserved many interesting literary items of interest to readers The contents of the January number consist of a review, with an abundance of characterizing extracts of 'Trevelyan's 'Early History of Charles James Fox,' 'the beginning of a new novelette by Kendall Brown, reviews of Arthur's 'Bernadou' 'Le Peuple' of 'Eddyville,' 'Life of Lady Jackson' 'Courts and Salons of Old Paris.' There is an article on the School of Philosophy at Concord; and a paper of great interest and value, entitled "Social Life Among the Early Greeks." A collection of "Vers de Societe" includes some charming trifles of that character. Then we have Prof. Sloyd's 'Political Scandals,' and other papers, with the editorial departments.

Apropos of the revision of the New Testament, now on the eve of publication in this country and in Europe, Scribner's Monthly will contain three articles. The first appears in the January number.

NO MORE CONSUMPTION.

NO MORE BRONCHITIS.

NO MORE ASTHMA.

NO MORE DEBILITY.

When the Great EAST INDIA Remedies are within the reach of all.

Dr H James's Cannabis Indica, or East India Hemp, raised in Calcutta, and prepared on the native soil, has become as famous in this country as in India for the cure of

Consumption, Bronchitis and Asthma.

We have made the importation of this article into the United States our SPECIALTY. As we have, at great expense and trouble made permanent arrangements in India for obtaining "Pure Hemp," gathering it at the right season, and having it extracted upon its own soil, we know that we have the GENUINE ARTICLE

In all its PURITY and PERFECTION,

and feel entitled to confidence when we say that Dr. H. James's Cannabis Indica will do all that is claimed for it, and that one bottle will satisfy the most skeptical of its positively and permanently curing CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, and ASTHMA

Instead of devoting more space to the merits of this rare and wonderful plant we remain silent, and let it speak for itself through other lips than ours, believing that those who have suffered most can better tell the story as the following extracts from letters verbatim will show:

A VOICE FROM THE CLERGY.

St. Mary's Convent, Allegheny City, Pa.
Messrs. Craddock & Co.

The East India Hemp has been taken by Rev. Matthias Sinder, O. S. B., and Rev. Sebastian Arnold, O. S. B., both assistant pastors of this church and has so far given relief to both. They suffered from affection of the LUNGS and BRONCHIAL ORGANS We have recommended, through charity to sufferers, the Cannabis Indica to different persons, and continue the same in good conscience, knowing the effects by experience. Please find enclosed check for twelve bottles of the syrup, pills and ointment. We shall inform you in due time what further success the medicine shall meet with.

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☞ Name this paper.

Our Young Folks.

THE SLEEPING BOOBY.

BY A. B. HOPE.

IN the country of Not-so-far-away, and in times somewhat later than those when fairy stories are generally understood to have happened, a certain great man and his wife were filled with joy by the birth of their first and only child. It was a fat, rosy boy, with little rumors of feet, and a round bald head, and a button for a nose, just like any other baby, yet of course the father and mother believed, as all the friends of the family declared, that such a baby had never been seen in the whole world.

In due time came the christening, to which no less than seven old ladies were invited as godmothers, this being a very precious child. One of them alone found fault with the baby, and sneered at the interest which the other guests showed in it.

When she took the infant on her lap, as soon as it had fixed its round staring eyes upon her wrinkled face, it set up a hearty roar of alarm.

"Be quiet," she snarled, shaking the baby violently.

"What are you doing to my child, madam?" cried the frightened mother.

"Nothing, my dear," answered she, in a voice of vinegar, verjuice and crab-apples. "Only send me word to sleep for you and hope he may not wake up in a hurry, that's all. As he seems inclined to make himself a nuisance to all sensible elderly people that is, perhaps, the best thing I can wish for him. Here, I want no more to do with such a soft, silly thing!"

Whatever this old woman wished came true, and one thing she could, now stood asleep, into the outstretched arms of his mother and with a malicious grin all round, hideous as a laugh on the face of some dried-up mummy strode out of the house, taking no further leave of the company.

All that day he slept, and all the night, to the great satisfaction of his father, though, to tell the truth, both parents lay awake till early in the morning, rather suspicious of this prolonged quietness. They grew uneasy to find him sleeping through the next day also. But the week went. Days went by and weeks, and months, all passed by this strange baby in more or less profound slumber. The malevolent godmother had gone abroad the day after the christening, else the affectionate parents would gladly have offered her all their property to undo her cruel work. For years they made efforts, but all in vain, to discover her address. Meanwhile, the child slept on in spite of all they could do to rouse him.

All this time the baby continued to grow and to get fat, indeed, it seemed to thrive the better for having such a large allowance of sleep. It came to do many of the things which other children are taught to do, for you will understand it often slept with its eyes open or only half shut. It at last was able to walk in a sleepy way, often knocking its head against the wall and bruising its nose on the legs of chairs, but always at an extraordinary distance from it would sink into a state of utter unconsciousness, and whenever left alone for a minute, was sure to be found with its toes in the grate, or its head in the bath, or its body stuck fast between the bars of the window; once it rolled from the top to the bottom of the stairs without waking.

Every possible means, as you may imagine, was tried for the cure of this singular ailment, and failed. Medicine being of no avail, severity was put into practice. They pinched him, and slapped him, and shook him and rubbed him roughly all over, for in these ways some philosophers had found that we can counteract the fault of nature, but such treatment was not of the least use in this case. It fact nothing seemed to do him any good.

It would be too long to tell all the accidents and experiments through which the young sleeper passed during his childhood, without being much the worse or too better for them. By-and-by, he grew big enough for trousers, or rather he was put into a Scotch kilt, because the people who wear that dress have the reputation of being seldom caught napping. Then, as they could not have him lying at home the whole day it behooved him to be sent to school, where, it was hoped, means would be found of keeping him awake. He was accordingly placed as a day boy at the best academy in the neighborhood. Here he first got the name of the Sleeping Booby. Teased, bullied, and despised on all hands, he yet slept through most of it with much equanimity, and was seldom awake to the many jokes passed off at his expense.

With his lessons he got on no better. At his example all the boys about him would break into surprising fits of yawning over their grammar and exercises. When things came to such a pass his heavy headedness could no longer be borne, he was expelled from school, and returned upon the hands of his astonished parents.

They were in despair, knowing less than ever what to make of such a boy. Education appearing thrown away upon so dense a head, it remained to be seen if he could not be put to work with his hands on a farm. It too failed. When set to drive the plough, he always began by falling asleep at the horses' tails; and if sent into the meadow, he was sure, in five minutes, to be found snoring on a haycock with his wide awake hat over his eyes.

So he had to be sent home again and kept there, for he could not stir in the streets without having a mob of boys running after him, calling him "Booby," and other ill-natured names. But the mother never ceased to find good points in him.

"My darling is rather slow at his books," she would say, patting his head, as he lay on the sofa with his eyes shut and his thumb in his mouth, "but he is so amiable, and I wouldn't for all the world have one of those sharp, chattering children who are such a trouble to everybody, and never come to any good for all their cleverness."

He was much too big now for a nurse, and the only thing to be done was to engage a tutor or governess who would take complete charge of him. No expense need be spared. His father was a rich man, and what could be the good of saving up money for such an heir?

Before long, a suitable person was heard of, a princess, in fact—no less! The king and queen of that country, you must know, were a very old couple. Half a century or so before, they had brought up seventeen children, who, being all married and settled early, had by this time many grown up children, and even grandchildren, of their own. When their majesties gave a banquet in honor of the birth of their first great great grandson, they found none of their palaces large enough to feast all the royal family at once, and the junior branches had to be entertained at the chief hotels, in parties of three or four dozen.

Princes and princesses being so plentiful in that part of the world, they had to go out and make their living like other folks, since only the senior ones could be provided for by the great offices of state. So it was an easy matter to engage one for our hero.

Her royal highness entered upon her duties with the greatest zeal, but at the very outset was appalled to find what weary work they were likely to prove. Then, thinking kindness to be thrown away, she began to consider stricter measures; and wiped her spectacles, and took a few turns up and down the schoolroom till she had made up her mind.

"Come now," she said, pleasantly but firmly, "what do two and two make?"

Snore, was the only reply.

"Sit up, sir, and answer," she said, sharply.

This time he yawned in her face.

At this she rose, nerving herself for a great effort, walked up to the slumbering booby, and, with her face turned away, hit him ever so gentle a tap upon the cheek, as if a turtle dove had flapped his wing on the side of an elephant. She even tried to repeat the blow, but her heart failed her, and she suddenly burst into tears.

As her tears fell upon his face, trickling down his puffy cheeks, the Booby opened first one eye, then the other, and stared at her for several minutes together.

"What's the matter? Why do you cry?" he asked at length.

"Because I am—so sorry—for you," said she, between her sobs. "Poor boy! Poor boy! What a sad thing it must be to be so stupid!"

He had to think over this for a good time, and was nearly dozing off again in the exertion. At last he said:

"If you are sorry for me, I will try to keep awake and attend, to please you."

"Will you, indeed!

"Yes. Don't cry. I'll try."

"That's a good boy!" she cried, joyfully, and springing up, forgot her dignity so far as to give him a hearty kiss, thought it was all she could do to reach up to his face, now that he had risen off his chair and was standing on his feet, with his eyes wide open, and an unusual look of intelligence in them.

Without losing a moment, to profit by this gleam of good disposition, she set him at once to work on his lessons. And when, in a business like way quite new to him, he took a hard row of spelling, it seemed as if the spell of his wicked grandmother had at last lost its force. He kept wide awake for the best part of an hour, and spelt every one of the words without making the slightest blunder.

This extraordinary change seemed too good to be true, yet it proved complete and permanent.

Nor was this all: he began also to take a pride in his personal appearance about which, hitherto, it must be said that the less said the better. He continued to improve thus in every way. Often and often, he would be absent-minded and have occasional fits of dreaming over his syntax and his hemistics, but on the whole he took great pains and so well made up for lost time that he came to know not only as much as other boys, which is not saying much, but more for his princess was able to instruct him in many sciences and accomplishments of which ordinary school masters have seldom mastered the A B C.

Unbounded was the joy and gratitude of his parents to find their son, after all, one in whom they could take the highest pride. When he grew up to manhood, they proposed to settle a handsome pension on his successful teacher, but that was not necessary, since our hero, now as wide awake as anyone, felt himself bound to offer his hand to the woman to whom he owed so much for first rousing the slumbering spark of his intellect. So he did, and they were married, to the great disappointment of several young ladies who had once thought him good for nothing but to tease and giggle at. The bride was appointed by her royal grandfather to a high place; the bridegroom became a celebrated man, and they both lived all the rest of their lives as happy as the hero and heroine of any other story.

THE CUCKOO.

BY PIPKIN.

IT was Spring, and to the eye and ear all things spoke of hope and love and thankfulness.

But louder than all, above even the loud cawings of the rooks that from some invisible pulpit seemed to be solemnly giving their blessing to the work of time, rose the merry voices of three children, sporting among the buds and flowers. After a week of wet weather, the clear sky had brought them out with their governess for a run in the woods. Dark-eyed Mabel, fair haired little Cicely, and rosy cheeked Miles, they were skipping and shouting along a grassy path with bandfuls of dandelion and daisies, when the lady, who came more sedately behind, called on them to stop and listen.

"*Cuckoo! Cuckoo!*"

There could be no mistake about it. The children clapped their hands and laughed louder than ever.

"Cuckoo! cuckoo!" cried Miles, trying to imitate the sound. "The first time I have heard it this year!"

"What is it we must do, Miss Olive the first time we hear the cuckoo?" asked Cicely.

"I know," said Mabel eagerly. "We must wish for whatever we like, and then we get it—don't we, Miss Olive? Nurse told me so. And she wished to be married last year, and you know it was just a week before her wedding day. So it must be true."

"Wishing is never out of season," replied their governess, with a smile; "but if everyone who heard the cuckoo and his wish, surely there would not be so many discontented people in the world."

"Well, let us see," said Miles. "I wish for a kite—no, I don't—I wish for a knife! Papa said I might have a knife when I was a little older."

"And I wish for a cake. Do you hear that, cuckoo?" said Mabel. "Now, Cicely, what do you wish for?"

Cicely looked puzzled. "I don't know that I wish for anything."

"But you must wish. We are all going to wish."

"What shall I wish for, Miss Olive. Oh, I know! Let me tell you and nobody else." Then, as the governess bent down, she whispered in her ear, "I wish that Miles and Mabel may get what they wish for. Now, don't tell them, please."

"I wish I could see the cuckoo," said Miles, growing impatient. "Whoever sees it will be lucky all the rest of the year. Nurse told me that too. Let us hunt it through the wood."

"There it is! I heard it in that tree there," cried Mabel; and the three children bounded eagerly forward toward a wild cherry that was showing down its blossoms on the path before them.

Meanwhile, Miss Olive walked slowly along the path, perhaps thinking of the days when she, too, had chased happiness among the spring blossoms of youth. But being a prudent person and having learned the realities of life by experience, when she saw a heavy April cloud coming up from the west, she called the children back and they went home as merrily as if they had not failed to secure good luck for all the year, arriving just in time to escape the shower and get ready for tea.

And now whether it was that Miss Olive happened to be a fairy governess or only a very good natured mortal as she seems, by some means or other, the wishes of these children did come true. It was not the largest cake that had ever been baked and the knife had less than six blades, but a cake and a knife were forthcoming at tea time for Mabel and Miles. So you might suppose that these two would now have been happy, though neither of them had seen the cuckoo. But if you had been passing by the schoolroom soon afterwards, you would have been shocked to hear the sound of angry and discontented voices.

"You shan't cut the cake with my knife! Give it me this minute."

"Then you sha'n't have any of my cake!"

"I don't want any of your cake, greedy!"

"You are a selfish quarrelsome boy!"

"And you are a selfish, spiteful girl!"

"Leave me alone!"

"Won't you go away!"

"I'll tell Miss Olive!"

"I'll tell too!"

So they went on, till the noise of this sudden quarrel brought the governess to see what could be the matter. Oh, dear! was this what had come of getting their wishes? When she entered the room she found Mabel red eyed and indignant, while Miles, his small breast heaving with passion, and the blood running from a cut on his finger, was held back from striking her by little Cicely, who looked frightened and sorrowful. Both the angry children, speaking at once, began to accuse one another with a readiness which showed that they each felt the need of excusing themselves.

"She pushed me!" cried Miles.

"He should not have had his knife open!" cried Mabel.

"It was you began the quarrel."

"How can you say so!—it was you, Miles!"

"Oh, hush! hush!" said gentle Miss Olive, and hastened first to bind up the cut finger, then took pains to learn how all this had come about.

Their governess could be strict as well as kind, and when she had got the truth out of the little boy and girl, she pronounced that, as usual, they were each to blame for this foolish quarrel, and as a punishment, ordered both of them off to bed forthwith.

When the naughty ones had gone off, Miss Olive took Cicely by the hand, and they went out into the garden. The storm cloud had passed over now; the daisies were opening themselves wide as ever to the clear sky; and the few drops of rain that still hung on the young blossoms sparkled like dew in the calm evening sunlight. And there were drops, too, in the blue eyes of little Cicely, who never could be happy while her brother and sister were in disgrace.

"Dear Cicely," said the governess, sitting down in an arbor and drawing the child to her, "it is not your fault that your brother and sister have got so little good out of their wishes. After all, your wish was the wisest, for the people who think of others' happiness in this world have the best chance of finding happiness for themselves."

"But I am not happy when you are angry with Miles and Mabel!" cried poor Cicely.

"You meant well for them my dear, and so did I, but they have spoiled it all through thinking only of their own selfish pleasure. I wish now I had not tried to please them by giving them this little present which they have made such a bad use of. But as you have been so kind and unselfish, I am going to give you——"

Suddenly Cicely jumped up and threw her arms round the lady's neck.

"Oh, Miss Olive, will you give me a wish of my own—my very own!—all for myself, this time?"

"What! After you have seen what comes of wishing?" said the governess, half laughing at her eagerness.

"And but mine is a good wish. Will you please forgive Miles and Mabel, and let them come out to play? for I am sure they are sorry, and won't be naughty any more."

Miss Olive gave her a long kiss.

"If that is your wish, you shall have it. Run! tell Miles and Mabel you have promised they are to be good, and that they may come out, if they are not undressed yet."

Joyfully Cicely was running off on her pleasant errand. But when she had made two bounds on the grass, a bird suddenly flew across the path right in front of her—a strange bird that she had never seen till now, then, almost before she could tell whether it was grey or brown, or with what bright colors its breast was striped, it had disappeared into the shrubbery.

"Oh, what bird is that?" she exclaimed, looking round to the governess, but at the same moment the answer came back from the spot where it had hidden itself.

"*Cuckoo! Cuckoo!*"

"Miss! Miss! I have seen it!" cried the child, as she flew on, lightheartedly as a bird to think that she was going to bring her brother and sister out of trouble.

A duel was lately fought in Texas by Alexander Shott and John S. Nott. Nott was not shot, and Shott was not. In this case it is better to be Shott than Nott. There was a rumor that Nott was not shot, and Shott avows that he shot Nott, which proves either that the shot Shott at Nott was not shot, or that Nott was shot notwithstanding. Circumstantial evidence is not always good. It may be made to appear on trial that the shot Shott shot shot Nott, or, as accidents with fire-arms are frequent, it may be possible that the shot Shott shot shot Shott himself when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original elements, and Shott would be shot, and Nott would be not. We think however, that the shot Shott shot shot not Shott, but Nott, anyway, it is hard to tell who was shot.

"I—aw—dreamed last night," said he to her whom he bored greatly by his attentions, "that I had to wait for a man with an immense sum of money and knocked his brains out, and then robbed him of his wealth."

"There would have been more merit in the theft if you had stolen the brains," replied she. "Great heavens! What would I have done with them?" She gave it up.

AT TWENTY-THREE.

BY JOHN DENNIS.

Life is delight, each hour that passes over
Comes like a maiden's kisses to her lover,
Comes like the fresh breath of the mountain breeze,
Comes like the south wind trembling through the trees;
Or like the song of larks above the heather,
Or like a murmurous hum in sultry weather,
A dreamy bliss that knows no waking sorrow,
A present joy that craves no happier morrow,
When loves enthrals us till we sing the chain,
And Beauty's smile is worth a miser's gain;
When Hope is better than reality,
And Faith is boundless as the boundless sea.

Let worn out cynics tell us life's a jest,
We know its glory and we feel its zest;
Let parsons languid, on fat livings, preach,
That joy is something always out of reach;
Let pale ascetics deem God's world a gin
To lure mankind and womankind to sin.
We reck not if dyspeptic fools agree,
But laugh such creeds to scorn at twenty-three.

What though 'tis true that youth glides swiftly past;
That if we live we wear gray hairs at last;
That the keen capture, and the wild delight,
The joyous freedom of our manhood's might,
The hopes, the fears, the passion and the glory,
And transient features of a transient story;
That love itself—youth's twin—will scarcely stay
Till life has reached the summer of its day;
That ever she, the maiden of our spring,
May fade 'ere autumn's fruits be ripening?
Time passes on but leaves its gifts behind,
Rest for the heart, and riches for the mind.
If every year a golden apple fall,
Each year makes captive of some glorious thrall;
Truth, knowledge, virtue—all are ours to gain.
Life stretches onward like an unknown main,
Life stretches upward to the starry maze;
God's gates fly open at our ardent gaze;
A dazzling ray illumes the crystal sea,
When Heaven lies near to earth at twenty-three.

JOURNALISTIC AMENITIES.

IT is very easy to be abusive in a paper. Neither reason, wit, nor humor is required to call an opponent a journeyman grammar-smasher; to say to him that "his nasty little soul is not large enough to fill the socket of a mosquito's eye;" or describe him as "a beery tatterdemalion," "a grit factotum," and epithets of a similar nature. Charging a rival writer with drunkenness is a favorite method of abuse. Commenting upon an article in a far West paper, another speaks of it as having been "written, no doubt, under the influence of a sort of regret for a misspent life. It is on temperance."

When a Canadian politician named Glass was rather roughly handled by Mr. Abram, of the Montreal *Gazette*, a gentleman noted for his love of euphuism, the *Transcript* expressed its sentiments in the couplet:

Strange, such a thing should come to pass,
That Abram should dislike a glass!

But Jack was as good as his master; next day's *Gazette* replied:

The reason that it comes to pass
Is that it is an empty Glass!

Not that our journalists are unequal to remark by implication; few understand the art better. A California editor invested in a mule, and the fact was chronicled under the heading, "Remarkable instance of self-possession." Said one Milwaukee, Wisconsin, editor of another: "He is one of the few journalists who can put anything in his mouth without fear of its stealing anything." When a Western editor wrote: "We cannot tell a lie; it was cold yesterday;" his rival quoted the remark with the addition, "The latter statement is incontrovertible; but the former?"

Said an Idaho journal: "The weather has been hot again for the last few days; the only relief we could get was to lie down on the *Herald* and cover ourselves with the *Bulletin*—there is a great coolness between them." A Michigan journalist declared in his paper that a certain editor had seven toes. The slandered man thereupon denounced the statement as unwarranted, and its author devoid of truth and a scoundrel to boot. The offending gentleman replied that he never wished it to be understood that all the toes were upon one foot; and the disgusted victim of the "sell" appealing to his readers, asked: "Are these subjects which ought to be discussed in organs whose duty it is to mould public opinion?" Another worthy, of whom an enemy affirmed that he had just made the strange discovery that he could wag his left ear, did not condescend to impeach the truth of the statement, but made matters even, by declaring the man who gave it currency had both his aural appendages under such control as to be able to fan himself with them in hot weather.

A newspaper writer generally is only too pleased to catch a brother tripping. When one journal talked in an article of "buttered thunder," a contemporary politely desired to know if that had any affinity to "greased lightning;" forcing the explanation that by a typographical error "buttered thunder" was the article intended.

When a Western editor wrote, "We are living at this moment under a despotism," his opponent kindly explained: "Our contemporary means to say that he has lately got married." When a Southern paper asked: "What is editorial courtesy?" a Northern journal replied "Why, it is when an editor is caught stealing chickens at midnight and his brother editors kindly allude to the matter as a strange freak of somnambulism." A newspaper writer asserts that his ancestors had been in the habit of living a hundred years; to which another responds: "That must have been before the introduction of capital punishment." The proprietor of a Western journal announced his intention of spending fifty dollars on "a new head" for his "Don't do it," advised a rival sheet; "better keep the money, and buy a new head for the editor," that gentleman being "a young man of frugal mental capacity," as an Oregon journalist delicately termed another.

A Vineland, New Jersey, publisher having purchased a new outfit, and a very tasty "head," which was greatly praised by contemporaries, a sarcastic rival inquired: "What good is a head without brains?"

One Gumbs—so the story goes—sought to enliven the good people of a county in this State through the medium of a lively, spicy, vigorous, fearless and entertaining paper called the *Milky Way*. He succeeded in making things lively, very lively—for himself. In his first number he called the editor of an older journal names. He stigmatized the mayor as a corrupt magistrate, whose torments from mental remorse were only surpassed by the physical agony he endured as the consequence of his depraved debauchery. He mildly alluded to the postmaster as an official Dick Turpin, whose peculations could only be compared to the terrific robberies committed by those Spanish buccaneers whom he so closely resembled in general character; and finished off by delicately announcing that a well-known young lady, in rejecting a certain young man, had done the wisest thing possible under the circumstances of the case. In the next issue of the *Milky Way* its patrons were informed that the editor had found it impossible to get out to collect news items, because the mayor, the editor of the other journal, the postmaster, and a number of other individuals were sitting on the curb-stone, and roosting around on the back fence with shot-guns and other murderous weapons, and looking as if they were in earnest! That same night Mr. Gumbs slipped down the water-spout and departed for Kansas—more fortunate than his brother out in the Far West, whose organ in announcing its own demise, said: "Our editor has lately disappeared. According to the latest information, he was last seen under a tree, slightly raised above certain persons who were pulling at a rope."

Grains of Gold.

Avoid evil speaking, and give your counsel to him who will accept it.

The art of not hearing should be taught in every well regulated family.

He who puts a bad construction on a good act reveals his own wickedness of heart.

Love nothing too violently; hate nothing too passionately; fear nothing too strongly.

Be good-natured, if you can, for there is no attraction so great, no charm so admirable.

By a strict examination of ourselves, we can judge more justly of other men's characters.

I think we often lose immensely by studying doctrines and principles instead of loving Christ.

He that doth good for good's sake seeks neither praise nor reward, though sure of both at last.

The frog cannot try and puff himself out to the dimensions of an ox without danger of bursting.

Let your expenses be such as to leave a balance in your pocket. Ready money is a friend in need.

He that lets the sun go down upon his wrath, and goes angry to bed, is like to have the devil for his bedfellow.

The apple and pomegranate disputed which was fairer, when the thistle exclaimed, "Brethren, let us not quarrel!"

He is a wise man that can avoid an evil; he is a patient man that can endure it; but he is a valiant man that can conquer it.

Ill temper at any any age is a bad thing; it never does a person any good, and those who indulge in it feel no better for it.

Never call a new acquaintance by the Christian name unless requested to do so, or longer familiarity justifies you in doing it.

Some things you will not be sorry for: For hearing before judging. For thinking before speaking. For holding an angry tongue.

A thought for the comfort of those about us, a pleasant smile a kind word—these are the ingredients of which good manners are chiefly composed.

An unkind word from one beloved often draws blood from many a heart which would defy the battle-axe of hatred or the keenest edge of vindictive satire.

If you will be happy, you must do all within your power to bless others. By making others happy, you fill your own lives with sunshine and happiness.

A good conscience is the best looking-glass of heaven; in which the soul may see God's thoughts and purposes concerning it, reflected as so many shining stars.

Preserve your conscience always soft and sensitive. If but one sin force its way into that tender part of the soul, and dwell there, the road is paved for a thousand iniquities.

Let no one suppose that by acting a good part through life he will escape scandal. There will be those even who hate them for the very qualities that ought to procure esteem.

Man would give gold sometimes to buy back a passionate word, and I know of nothing that so destroys unity as the exchange of evil language, especially in the moment of strife.

You can always judge better of a person's character by her manner of talking with others than by what she addresses directly to you, and by what she says of others than by what she says to them.

There is no saying shocks so much as that which I hear very often, that a man does not know how to pass his time. It would have been but ill-spoken by Methuselah in the nine hundred and sixty-ninth year of his life.

The last, best friend which comes to late perfection, even in the kindliest soul, is tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the unfortunate, warmth of heart toward the cold, and philanthropy toward the misanthropic.

Profanity, we can truthfully say, is the anchor of many evils arising from an ungoverned disposition; and, at the impulse of the moment, may be heard an oath that would seem to crush the very sense of all humane feeling.

One watch set right will do to set many by, but, on the other hand, one that goes wrong may be the means of misleading a whole neighborhood; and the same may be said of the example we individually set to those around us.

In vain do they talk of happiness who never subdued an impulse in obedience to a principle. He who never sacrificed a present to a future good, or a personal to a general one, can speak of happiness only as the blind do of colors.

The world is governed by three things—wisdom, authority and appearances. Wisdom is for thoughtful people, authority for rough people, and appearances for the great mass of superficial people, who can look only at the outside, and who judge only by external matters.

Femininities.

The best whistler in Arkansas is a married woman. Poor man!

The practice of women to condemn their own sex is too common.

It requires a man of good sense to fall in love with a plain woman.

Women cherish fashion because it rejuvenates them, or at least renews them.

A petition to place woman on the police force is being circulated in Milwaukee.

It is as natural for a woman as for a man to desire to spend money in her own way.

There is but little value in half love, or even three-quarters. True love admits of no alloy.

There is an old proverb which reads: "As the good man saith, so say we; but as the good woman saith, so must it be."

Ladies who marry for love should remember that the union of angels with women has been forbidden since the flood.

She who can tell a frightful story to her child, or allow one to be told, ought to have a guardian appointed over herself.

A small reward will be given for the production of the young lady who has eloped who is not beautiful and accomplished.

Half breed Indian girls are used in Montana as domestics, because, being cast out by their tribes, they are willing to work without wages.

The census shows something like twenty per cent more females than males in the country's population. Well, we can't have too much of a good thing.

In Continental Europe bookkeeping is a part of the education of a well-taught farmer's daughter, and his wife presides over the finances of the establishment.

"True," said the Deacon, in a spirited discussion with the Elder, on the creation, "true, woman came after man, but man did not keep her waiting a minute, and I'll bet money on it."

Love in a cottage, with corned beef and cabbage, doubly discounts marital infelicity in a palace, with quail on toast and champagne. That is true, young people, though it looks hard to believe.

Mme. B. is the soul of contradiction. They were speaking of a venerable old gentleman who had just left the room, and one said: "What lovely white hair he has!" "You may be sure it's dyed!" snapped Mme. B.

A wealthy philanthropist of Berlin has evidently read Hood's "Song of the Shirt" to some purpose, for he left by his will a half-million of dollars to be expended in the foundation of a fund for the assistance of poor needlewomen.

Breakfast caps are worn universally by married ladies as well as matrons. They are made generally of satin ribbon and Breton lace, and occasionally a handkerchief, with delicately printed border, is effectively used in their manufacture.

The orange bud wreath of the bride of the present is very clearly the representative of the garland or crown, which it was considered necessary to place upon the head of every maiden who was about to become a wife; but the origin of the custom of crowning brides is lost in the obscurity of many years.

The latest notion in night dresses is to have them made with a hood, which is not altogether as senseless as it seems. The fashion of night caps having gone out altogether with the grandmothers of twenty years ago; the hoods can have their uses in this way, as well as being a mere freak of fashion.

A Syracuse bride of a month was arrested for stealing her infant niece, and was locked up in a cell at the police station. She begged her husband to stay all night in the cell with her, because she was afraid to be left alone; but, after trying the cane bench awhile he declared that he couldn't stand it and went home to a soft bed.

An eccentric clergyman, in a lecture on the "Development of Humanity," said—"Man is composed of two yards and a half of broadcloth, a shirt collar, and more or less assurance; woman of many and various materials, an impression that she is the perfection of possibilities, and a faculty of spending much money and getting next to nothing in return."

A disappointed girl said to her old uncle, just come home from sea, whom she was telling about an ungrateful lover—"I don't see why I didn't win him, I'm sure, for I poured the full tide of my affection upon him." "Well, Poss," said the old salt, "I suppose it run off'n 'im just like water off'n the back of a porpus. There's some folks 'at affection never soaks into."

A pretty widow of twenty was lamenting the loss of her husband, to whom she had been wedded less than a year. "To think," she said, "that he would have been glad to have lived long enough to see me in mourning for him. Why, do you know, I had just got used to the kind of breakfasts he likes, and I shall have to learn them all over again with my next husband."

Strictly speaking, what is "sauce for the goose" is not always "sauce for the gander." A man, for instance, cannot realize the wonderful felicity there is in the possession of a bonnet, with a Gothic portico and a flower garden on the port side and a green lizard on the starboard quarter, and no woman can understand the absorbing happiness that lies in punching billiard balls for hours in succession at twenty-five cents a game, and losing all the time at that.

A St Louis negro gave his bride a gold watch as a wedding present. He had stolen it; and, when it was found on her she was arrested. She would not betray her husband, and consequently went to prison for two years as the thief. Redid nothing to help her, and his neglect turned her love to hatred. She spent her odd moments in sharpening a file, and, when she was discharged, it was as keen as a razor. She returned to her old haunts, waited until her husband prosecuted himself, and stabbed him to death.

Spaniards have a saying that a wife should resemble three things, and yet differ from these same things. First: She should be like the snail, which always guards its house, but she should not carry the house with her whenever she goes out. She should be like the echo, which speaks only after the other has finished, but she should not always have the last word. Third: She should be like the town clock, which always sounds the hours with regularity, but she should not sound so loud that the whole town shall hear her.

News Notes.

The town of Poker Flat, Cal., is situated on a bluff.

The Peruvian dollar is worth two-and-a-half cents.

A new kind of watch key is made to remain fastened on the winding-post.

Forty years ago there were few railroads, no ocean steamers, and no telegraph.

A Methodist minister of Virdin, Ill., won a bet of $5, and preached a sermon defending it.

In London there is a society for the prevention of street accidents. It is quite a success.

The Astor family, of New York, is said to hold $6 476 801 of the debt of the State of Ohio.

It is calculated that Lord Beaconsfield's novel, "Endymion," paid him about 50 cents a word.

Evening gloves are fitted to the arm and shaped like the gauntlets that are worn without buttons.

The eyes of a child under a year old should not be allowed to meet the blaze of an unshaded light.

It is said that the income of James Gordon Bennett, of the New York Herald, exceeds $600 000 per annum.

At the Dead Letter Office in Washington is a registered letter containing $100, but with no address upon it.

When going into a pit, never forget to lower a lantern first; if it burns brightly the air is fit to breathe.

Out of a total of 180 000 railway employes in Great Britain and Ireland, 4,000 are either killed or injured every year.

Mrs Ellen Grant Sartoris, daughter of the ex President, now has three children, two girls and a boy; the fourth, her eldest son, is dead.

New boots for ladies have velvet or plush tops, with facings of French kid. The new slippers are of black velvet, with cut steel buckles.

A thief at St. Louis was chased out upon the big bridge by a policeman and, rather than be arrested, dropped 90 feet, and was drowned.

On one of the postal cars near Washington a letter was found directed to "Hand Over Cart Horse." It was forwarded to Hanover Court House.

They claim to have a parrot in Chester county known to be 60 years old. It has been owned by members of one family for that length of time.

Three school teachers have been elected Presidents of the United States in the person of Millard Fillmore, Franklin Pierce, and James A. Garfield.

The young unmarried men in the West of Ireland are now pledging themselves by the hundreds at public meetings not to marry land grabbers' daughters.

The latest new thing in London is a hot potato in bronze or metal to keep the hands warm. One knob unscrews, and filling it with hot water, you can place it in a muff.

A Cincinnati man turned his blind daughter into the street, though amply able to support her, because she refused to commit suicide with the poison which he procured.

In England, according to the St James' Gazette, "the fist, the foot, and the poker may be freely used in the adjustment of family disputes without the risk of incurring any serious penalty."

"Honey Bought in Exchange for Cows" is the cheerful sign on a country road near Montreal, Canada. At Sing Sing there was once a sign which read, "Human Hair and Ice Cream."

A colored railroad passenger in Ohio refused for a long time to give up his ticket to the conductor, protesting that he had paid his fare "at the other place down thar," and the ticket was his receipt for the money.

Boatmen are kept at each of the three bridges of Rome to rescue persons attempting suicide, and occasionally some vigilant taxpayer fires himself into the stream just to make the lazy fellows earn their wages.

Levi Calkins desired to take a second wife at Vernon, Wis., before his first wife had been dead a month. He could induce no clergyman or justice to perform the ceremony, and so he did it himself, reading the service in the presence of witnesses.

A blind boy at Montreal has built a miniature house inside an ordinary four ounce bottle, out of forty pieces of wood neatly glued together. It would puzzle a person with good eyesight to get the parts into the bottle, to say nothing of putting them together.

The father of Congressman Eugene Hale, of Maine, has died from injuries received some time ago while drawing logs. Mr Hale was a farmer, and so desirous that his children should have an education that he frequently took them to school on stormy days with his oxen and sled.

A school girl saw a play performed in a California town, in which the heroine dies by poison, after suffering very much from unrequited love. The girl had an unhappy love affair of her own, and the performance on the stage impressed her so deeply that she bought arsenic on her way home, and committed suicide.

A farmer in Indiana was watering nine cows at a pump trough recently, when they made a stampede down the lane as fast as their legs could carry them. Suddenly, although the sky was clear, a cyclone not more than twenty feet in breadth, darted down from the sky, and, striking the earth near the pump, twisted off five large beech trees as though they were weeds.

TWO OR THREE COLDS IN SUCCESSION will often establish the seeds of Consumption in the system, converting what was originally a simple, curable affection, into one generally fatal. While ordinary prudence, therefore, makes it the business of every one to take care of a Cold until it is got rid of, intelligent experience presents a remedy in Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, thoroughly adapted to remove speedily all Coughs and Colds, and equally effective in the primary stages of Consumption, Asthma and Bronchitis.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

A pretty deer is dear to me,
  A hare with downy hair;
I love a hart with all my heart,
  But barely bear a bear.
'Tis plain that no one takes a plane
  To pare a pair of pears;
A rake, though, often takes a rake
  To tear away the tares.
All rays raise thyme, time rests all;
  And, through the whole, hole wears.
A writ, in writing "right" may write
  It 'wright," and still be wrong—
For "write" and 'rite" are neither "right,"
  And don't to write belong.
Beer often brings a bier to man,
  Coughing a coffin brings,
And too much ale will make us all,
  As well as other things.
'Tis meet that man should mete out meat,
  To feed misfortune's son;
The fair should fare on love alone,
  Else one cannot be won.
A lass, alas! is something false;
  Of faults a maid is made;
Her waist is but a barren waste,
  Though stayed she is not staid.
The springs spring forth in spring, and shoots
  Shoot forward one and all;
Though summer kills the flowers, it leaves
  The leaves to fall in fall.
I would a story here commence,
  But you might find it stale;
So let's suppose that we have reached
  The tail end of our tale.

The World of Humor.

A political issue—A campaign document.

One way to get a roaring trade is to buy a menagerie.

You never saw a bald-headed man with a low forehead.

To get a cheap dancing lesson—Drop a flat-iron on your bunion.

A barber is always ready to scrape an acquaintance, and often cuts him, too.

Why do birds in their little nests agree? Because they'd fall out if they didn't.

In trying to fight down his sorrows, a man should always strike one of his own sighs.

A young lady in Boston is so refined that she invariably refers to a Scotia as a "cuspidore dog."

The most irredeemable bonds yet known to the financial and moral world are vagabonds.

"Eight miles of grog-shops and three miles of children," is the way they measure Boston.

A Gotham paper speaks of "the death of several citizens from throat disease superinduced by razors."

"He's an honest young man," said the saloon-keeper, with an approving smile; "he sold his vote to pay his whisky bill."

Even art has boundaries to its progress. What painter can adequately portray the side-long look and diagonal gait of a yellow dog?

A Baltimore workman lighted a match to discover a leak in a gas-meter. He discovered it, but will never communicate the intelligence.

A Milwaukee woman's husband was persecuted to death by a creditor. She then married the creditor, and persecuted him to death in six months.

"Old age is coming upon me rapidly," as the urchin said when he was stealing apples from an old man's garden, and saw the owner coming, whip in hand.

We see an article in the papers about boy inventors. We hope they will invent a boy who don't whistle through his fingers and yell on the streets at night.

A professor in one of our city institutions being requested by a party of students to give his "estimate of the lifting power of a bent pin on a chair," has resigned.

A Massachusetts paper says there is a piece of road in that State so narrow that when two vehicles meet they both have to get over the wall before either can pass.

One of the broadest hints to pop the question which it is possible for a young lady to give a young gentleman, is to declare to him her intention of never marrying.

They tell of a cultured divine who instead of saying, "The collection will now be taken up," impressively remarks, "The accumulation of moneys will now ensue."

You can excuse a man for taking a gloomy view of life when he names his child for a rich uncle, and the uncle allows it; and then, the day after baptism, goes into bankruptcy.

The only safe and sure cure for Gravel or Urinary troubles is Hop Bitters. Prove it. Read advertisement.

"My child," said Uncle Sambo to his beloved son, "doan't you nebber do any work afore breakfas'. Ef it am necessary to work afore breakfas' you jes' hab your breakfas' fust."

The young ladies in Washington, it is said, though we don't believe it, still continue to kiss the lips of young temperance men to see whether they have been tampering with toddy.

There is a boy in this city so bright that his mother has to look at him through a piece of smoked glass.

Some ladies were disputing as to whether painting the face was not equivalent to a falsehood, but finally came to the conclusion that it was only equivalent to "altering the truth."

An Irishman, in writing a letter to his sweetheart, asking whether she would accept of his love or not, writes thus: "If ye don't love me, plase s'nd back the letter widout brakin' the seal."

A Western editor remarks: "If in our school-days the rule of three is proverbially trying, how much harder in after life do we find the rule of one." He had been married only fourteen months.

An Ohio doctor couldn't tell whether a boy patient had lung fever, or cancer of the stomach, but the boy was good enough to say that he broke his arm the day before, and thus got the doctor out of the dilemma.

The last modern instance of absence of mind is that of the Vermont wagoner going to market, who lifted his horse into the wagon, and fastened himself into the traces, and he did not discover his error until he endeavored to neigh.

Edwin Arnold writes poetry, and commences a stanza with the statement that his hero "loved the truest, newest lip that ever lover pressed." We have heard some lip that was pretty fresh, but never thought of calling it new before.

They are trying to make us believe that the mosquitoes were so plentiful last summer in South Carolina that when they couldn't all get on a stranger at once, they stood around in relays, and waited for their turns like customers at a barber shop.

15-Stop Organs $58

Beatty's Organs with 4 full sets of Reeds, 15 stops, Stool, Book, and Music are now offered for $58. New and Beautiful styles as low as $30, and up to $1,000; 2 to 31 Stops. Pianos from $125 to $1,000. These Instruments are fully guaranteed for six years. Besides they are shipped on test trial. No money required until they are examined at your own home and found as represented.

An endless variety of New Styles are now being offered for the holiday season. Read Mr. Beatty's new advertisement, and send to Washington, N. J., for his latest illustrated Catalogue just issued with a beautiful steel plate engraving sent free to all who apply.

Consumption Cured

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility, and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A Card.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR. Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for a circular. Madame Wambold, 24 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

CANVASSERS Make from $25 to $50 per week selling goods for E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay street, New York. Send for Catalogue and terms.

Hop Bitters is a preventive and cure for Ague: it is your own fault if you have it. See another column.

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

Sleep, Appetite, and Strength

Return when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is systematically used by a bilious dyspeptic sufferer. Moreover, since the brain sympathizes closely with the stomach and its associate organs, the liver and the bowels, as their derangement is rectified by the action of the Bitters, mental despondency produced by that derangement disappears.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.
SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,
BE IT SEATED IN THE
LUNGS OR STOMACH, SKIN OR BONES, FLESH OR NERVES,
CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption,

LIVER COMPLAINT, Etc.,

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Dropsy, Diabetes, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

OVARIAN TUMOR
OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH CURED
By DR RADWAY'S REMEDIES.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of Medicine than any other Preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful doses while others require five or six times as much.

R. R. R.

DYSENTERY,
DIARRHŒA,
CHOLERA MORBUS,
FEVER AND AGUE,
CURED AND PREVENTED

BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RHEUMATISM,
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SORE THROAT,
DIFFICULT BREATHING,
RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES

BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Bowel Complaints.

Looseness, Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No convulsion, or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous; Nervousness and Sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

PRICE, 50c. PER BOTTLE.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgatives, Soothing Aperients, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable and Natural in their Operation.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen.

RADWAY'S PILLS, for the cure of all Disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness of Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named: "False and True," "Radway on Irritable Urethra," "Radway on Scrofula," and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Read "False and True."

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☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

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If you are a man of business, weakened by the strain of your duties avoid stimulants and use Hop Bitters.

If you are a man of letters toiling over midnight work, to restore brain nerve and waste, use Hop B.

If you are young and discretion or dissipated or single, out of poor health or languishing, rely on Hop Bitters.

Thousands die annually from some form of Kidney disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of Hop Bitters.

Whoever you are, wherever you feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating, without intoxicating, take Hop Bitters.

Have you dyspepsia, kidney or urinary complaint, disease of the stomach, bowels, blood, liver or nerves? You will be cured if you use Hop Bitters.

If you are simply weak and low spirited, try it! It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco, or narcotics.

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For 1881 is an Elegant Book of 120 Pages, One Colored Flower Plate, and 600 Illustrations, with Descriptions of the best Flowers and Vegetables, and Directions for growing. Only 10 cents. In English or German. If you afterwards order seeds, deduct the 10 cents.

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GENTLEMEN:—Please send me twelve bottles of DR. H. JAMES' CANNABIS INDICA, one each of Pills and Ointment, for a friend of mine who is not expected to live, and as your medicine cured me of CONSUMPTION some three years ago, I want him to try them. I gained fifteen pounds while taking the first three bottles, and I know it is just the thing for him. Respectfully,

J. V. HULL,
Lawrenceburg, Anderson Co., Ky.

This remedy speaks for itself. One bottle will satisfy the most skeptical, and it will break up a fresh cold in 24 hours. $3 50 per pint bottle.

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THE
INHALING PILLOW!
A QUICK REMEDY FOR
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THE INHALING PILLOW is the name of a new appliance that is powerful and permanently healing in its action upon Catarrh. It does not trifle with disease. It is a simple arrangement that concentrates the science and common-sense of the age upon one thing and that is the healing of catarrhal ravages. The best proof that it is successful is this: If in a week you are not satisfied, return it and any agent who sells it will pay you your money back. This is a quick argument. Price, $5.00, express paid. Send for circular. THE PILLOW-INHALER CO., 1510 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. (Wholesale Agents, JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., 602 Arch St.)

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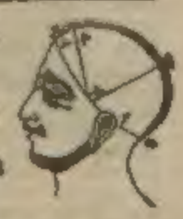

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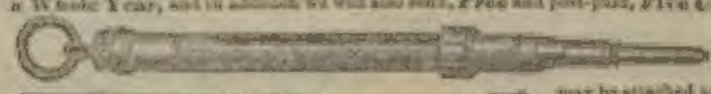

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

A LARGE number of new materials, and the varied uses to which they can be applied, seem to give rise to the necessity of some kind of general guide, especially for ladies who, living a distance from the first-class stores, have no opportunity of seeing these novelties, and judging for themselves. I will, therefore, endeavor to give a few of the leading principles.

Such silk dresses as have already been purchased can be worn, especially if combined with silk broche fabrics or figured velvet, but few new dresses are made of faille.

Satin rises on the horizon of fashion as faille sinks below it, and embraces every kind of style—brilliant satin, dead or mat satin, satin merveilleux (resembling the old satin à la reine), satin de Lyon (a close imitation of satin Turc), brocaded satin, damask satin, and satin with velvet figures. Faille, although less generally used, has been for a long time considered the only silken fabric suitable for young ladies, and the new materials do not altogether supply its place. The silk dress was a useful toilette, half way between the simplicity of the woolen costume and the dressy evening or dinner toilette. The want of it is now supplied by giving a look of more finished elegance to some of the woolen costumes by combining them with silk brocade, silk matlee in checquers of two colors, and with velvet—more particularly figured velvet.

But this is only temporary, and there is in reality very little doubt that we shall in time come back, if not to frills, at any rate to plain and shot silks; meanwhile surah merveilleux will be the silken fabric par excellence for young ladies, and for dressy costumes for those ladies who do not care to wear habitually such magnificent fabrics as satin, brocade, and damask.

For this winter, damask and brocade on a satin or half satin ground will be chosen for the majority of toilettes. The designs are some of them fantastical, and not likely to be long-lived—aces of spades, of clubs, or diamonds, or of hearts, dotted over the satin ground; more classical and graceful patterns are of flowers and foliage scattered over the satin ground in graceful confusion; these are found in damasks and brocades. The same materials in black will serve for visiting, dinner, and evening toilettes, and will be arranged with plain satin or velvet, as two figured fabrics cannot be made up together. Princess dresses are made of these rich tissues, not quite as plain as they have been worn, but in a single piece in front, and the back forming a corsage with basques and lightly draped train. A very handsome toilette of brocade need not be over costly; if combined with plain velvet, which can be used for the front of the skirt and bodice, the dress will take eleven yards of brocade and three and a half yards of velvet, the train being of moderate length. No trimming are needed, nor, indeed, would they at all add to the beauty of the dress.

The materials used in the evening and full-dress toilettes are decidedly the richest ever imported. They consist of classic velvets, satins brocaded with gold or with silver threads, beaded brocades with every figure formed by pearl or opal beads, and, for plain goods, velvet and the various satins, such as satin de Lyon, Surah satin, satin merveilleux. Two or three fabrics appear in these dresses, arranged usually with figured goods for the corsage and the flat front of the skirt, while the train is of plain goods, though this arrangement is sometimes reversed. The front and side breadths are clinging, and of some rich material, so that flounces or apron drapery are unnecessary. The classic velvets and the brocades that have the designs covered with pearl or iridescent beads are most used for the front, while plain satin de Lyon or velvet is chosen for the train. The drapery is bouffant, but the train is tied back to make it quite narrow, and may be either square-cornered, round, or else flaring outward like a fan. There are three kinds of corsages shown, viz. the corset waist, the pointed waist, and the high basque. The corset waist is low and round in the neck, and has no sleeves. The softly folded Grecian bertha, which used to be so popular, finishes the round neck, and is laced; a strap an inch wide is placed around the lower part of the armhole below the bertha folds, and forms the sleeve. The pointed waist is similarly shaped, except that the front and back are sharply pointed. The high basque corsage is joined at the throat, then opened low in front in triangular shape, while the back forms a high Medicis collar wired to hold it in place. The sleeves reach to the elbow, and are finished with a turned-up cuff in preference to frills of lace that fall upon the arm. In place of the pipings which usually finish the edge of the basque, beads in pearl, gilt, or cashmere are used. A pretty fancy is to cut the edge of the basque in squares and edge them with a double row of small beads, each one pointed, and a small tassel of beads on each point.

While there is such variety used in materials, one color is generally maintained in its several shades. Flowers are used principally to form the large corsage bouquet, which is placed on the waist at the left side, or on the left of the neck. If contrasts are used in materials, the colors are of the palest shades softly blended together.

There is a great rage for plaid satin, a fashion which it is easy to account for, as the satin is so bright and rich looking and combines wonderfully well with plush, velvet and plain cashmere. A pretty costume of this kind for a young girl has the skirt of Russian green satin, the front and sides gathered in waves, and between the points of the waves plaid satin is visible, while two robings of verdigris plush form a framing to the satin. The train is of plaid satin raised very high under a large butterfly bow of verdigris plush embroidered with gold, with wide ends like wings to the butterfly. The cuffs of the sleeves are likewise of plush, embroidered with gold. A lovely costume for a married lady is of velvet cloth and damasse in the same color. The skirt is of violet damasse, and over it fall two long points—one of cloth, and the other of velvet, lengthening at the back into a demi-train with revers; the cuirasse bodice is of cloth, and very tight fitting, with damasse sleeves and a little hooded cape tied under the collar with a bow of damasse ribbon, completes this graceful costume. My readers will see by this that neither hoods nor capes are demode, and polonaises and paniers are as fashionable as ever; the polonaise, however, is now slightly altered, by having the drapery arranged to simulate the basque and bind the hips. Tabliers, also with draped points, have made their appearance, and are extremely stylish trimmed with plush.

It is said there is no diminution in favor of the cuirasse bodice laced at the back, which certainly shows off a good figure and a well-cut dress to the greatest advantage.

For the benefit of my readers who may not know exactly the shape of the Pierrot collar, I will describe it. The collar is composed of a band of surah about an inch and a half wide, the size of the neck, on which is arranged a pleated surah flounce three inches deep, composed of two pieces of surah, separated by Mechlin or Valenciennes lace insertion, pleated with the surah, and the whole edged with a pleating of lace similar to the insertion.

Historical costumes remain in vogue, and a Louis XIII. toilette is of grey Duchess satin, the skirt trimmed with little flounces and bouillonnes, and edged with a garnet satin balayeuse lined with grey. The bodice is of chequered damasse with gathered garnet waistcoat, worked with steel beads mixed with jet. The bodice has double paniers crossing in front, and the back is pointed, and from under it spring puffs of satin trimmed with steel beaded passementerie, and a fringe and tassel of steel and jet beads.

The trimmings, par excellence, this winter are fur and plush. I have seen some lovely costumes of these two fashionable materials, with either a seal brown or Russian green plush skirt, edged with a satin balayeuse of the same color, and a long paletot fitting the figure, trimmed with fur, and fastened with a double row of seal ivory, or carved bone buttons. Walking costumes are made quite short—that is to say, reaching to the instep, and the favorite materials for them besides plush are beige cloth, foule serge, and Vicuna cloth; they are mostly trimmed with fur, light or quite black on beige cloth, and with neutral colors of fur on the intermediate tints.

A new shaped hat has lately been introduced by our modistes, which is quite classic, and the same which was worn formerly by pages in Germany, and in which Rembrandt is often represented, but I do not predict that it will meet with great approval. It is made of plush or of velvet, with the long, traditional feather.

A very stylish model is of heliotrope plush and satin in two shades. The brim and drapery are of dark heliotrope plush, with a plume of short feathers to match at the left side of the front. The crown is of pale heliotrope satin, covered with bead work, and crossed at the top with a folded drapery of satin. A very pretty capote has a diadem brim of velvet, covered with bead embroidery and fringe to correspond; two paroquets are arranged to lie behind the brim, with their heads crossing in front. Large capotes are ornamented with feathers, filling the space between the hat and head in front, and resting softly on the hair. A very novel style of hat is covered entirely with chenille instead of satin or velvet. Never were so many feathers worn as at the present time.

Flowers have had their day all the summer through, when not a feather was to be seen, and indeed are still so much worn upon the corsage for evening toilette as to be dispensed with for out door wear.

A round hat, almost concealed by feathers, is daily gaining in public favor, for the double reason that it is becoming to most faces, and that it is not absolutely necessary to be in one's première jeunesse to look well in one, so we may thankfully accept them "till times do alter."

Hats are of every shape, and ornamented in the most fanciful style with handsome wild beast paws with golden claws. One pretty toque is of striped plush, ornamented with a fierce-looking tiger's claw. Small capotes, on the contrary, are usually trimmed with large flowers, such as orchids and water lilies, with their petals surrounded with thick chenille.

A lovely bonnet is of gathered Russian green satin with strings of a lighter shade, and a wreath of bronze green leaves in front; another is of duck blue striped plush, bound and lined with gold satin, and trimmed with a coquille of gold lace and a bunch of shaded blue and gold poppies. The strings are of two colors—blue and gold.

Both these bonnets are in perfect taste when worn with corresponding toilettes.

Fireside Chat.

NEEDLEWORK NOVELTIES.

IT is evident that among feminine occupations painting is becoming more fashionable, being introduced everywhere, in toilette as largely as in decorative work. Crests, flowers, and numerous devices continue to be scattered on ribbons, buttons, sachels, gloves, shoes, muffs, hoods, etc. Even the once snowy tablecloths receive their touches of color, to blend with the china service. Lace, velvet, satin, kid, leather, coarse canvas, pottery, and glass are all mediums for the artistic mania. In fact, painting has been appropriated to items as trivial as garters. By reason of this crase art needlework somewhat loses in favor, and its best artists think it more refined to display their talent by the brush than by the needle. The result, as easily guessed, is here, as everywhere else, a superabundant supply, which at once lowers the price. Independent ladies and jacks-of-all-trades may hover from one pursuit to the other at their own free will; but the bread winner should surely mark out a path for herself and persevere in it. Instead of running after all the whims of fashion, why not, for instance, take up with industrial designing—a reliable occupation, well remunerated, and free, as yet from almost any competition.

The great feature of the embroidery of the season is the lavish use of gold thread, either as an outline or a filling in, for both home and dress purposes. Singly or twofold, the metallic thread meanders round crewel or silk flowers, birds, deer, tigers, insects, etc., and further defines veining, limbs, paws, and, in short, any point requiring relief. It is also intertwisted with gold silk cord, an edging very much in requisition for heavy portieres and hangings in twill silk, satin, velvet, cloth, or serge. Some of these cords are nearly as thick as a little finger, and agree with the massive character of the gold embroidery they adorn. The glittering thread also traces delicate scrolls on various knicknacks, such as blotting pads, stationery boxes, bellows, table screens, together with plastrons and facings for dresses. Lines of gold curiously lend lustre to the rush chair backs, in coarse linen, oatmeal and sheeting, with their rough crewel patterns. Gloves and shoes are favorite items for gold thread ornament; in some of the latter mother o'pearl spangles are intermixed. All the stylish winter shoes are now being prepared in somewhat of this handsome character. Loose gold chain-stitch and open links carry out many of the effective designs wrought on scarves, bands, robings, cuffs, lace, etc., and enhance most fittingly the Oriental hues of the leading dress fabrics—indeed, it is to the prevalent taste for eastern manufactures that we owe the vogue of bright garish tints and metallic thread. There flits across our memory a screen designed by Burne Jones, and beautifully rendered by the lady worker. Its three grey linen flaps represented symbolical figures with harmonious surroundings, and on the dados below appeared groups of smaller forms in the style of an Egyptian bas-relief. On one side the design was merely outlined by coarse reddish-brown crewels, but on the other the effect was varied by the use of several soft shades—rose, blue, pale green, etc. Here the first and second figures typified music and the third portrayed a woman in the harvest field, crowned with wheat ears, and carrying a bundle of them in her apron. These wheat-ears presented a most striking feature; every grain was reproduced by long stitches in gold thread, surrounded by a cordonnet whilst spikes and shadows in old silver thread gave a sort of background to the glistening corn. The metallic blending had a cunning beauty on the linen ground, especially in opposition to the bold worsted outline. A small oaken frame appropriately set off this masterpiece.

In another panel, equally lovely, one of the figures wore a draped robe of dark green crewels, afterwards overlaid with scrolls of gold thread. The wall in the background had loopholes, produced by outlining each tiny arch in deep red, shading one-half in pink, and leaving the other half blank; so that, from a distance, the white linen foundation gleamed like the light shining through. These two examples prove that, far from being gaudy, gold thread, when sparingly used, imparts but a subtle radiance.

Another class of rough gold embroidery, which bids fair to be popular this winter, has a great resemblance to the military kind. The stitch used is the solid plumetis, largely employed on jerseys, out-door and home jackets. For example, a vest in black cloth, with velvet cuffs and collar, encircled by worked wreaths; the other in black satin, with a parure to correspond, or one lightly dotted with silver beads. Abroad even gentlemen follow the metallic furore, and indulge their fancy in a negligee shirt in twill silk, with the full fronts powdered by gilt rosebuds, also repeated on the turned down collar and cuffs. A gold cord and tassels finished off the neck, and even spangles sparkled here and there on the dotted tissue. Expensive garments are by no means rare amongst the elite, who adopt others still more dainty for the night, such as one in the finest cambric, with an inch band of Holbein embroidery in red and blue, running round the neck, along the front, and the top of the breast pocket. Nor was this all; a two-inch trilling of Valenciennes lace formed the jabot, and a still deeper one bordered the lower hem.

But, to pass to smaller things, I must notice the new paper case. Rectangular in form, it is made by two pieces of cardboard, united on three sides by a 2 inch strip. The whole is covered in colored satin or in some remnant of a liqué stuff. At the mouth a triangle turned back discloses the bright lining, and is apparently kept down under a corner flower or monogram. Below branches out the trails and blossoms of an embroidered bouquet, intermixed with gold thread. This knicknack stands on a table easel, covered in harmony with the case.

In finishing, I will briefly describe two mantel valances; one peculiarly composed of serge vandykes, alternately in brick-red and sage-green, each panel decorated by a crewel work spray. The second, 19 inches deep, has a ground of brownish-green velvet, on which showed up beautifully a continuous design of water lillies, plentifully heightened by floss silk. The scalloped edge was outlined by golden-green floselle, caught down by brown purse silk, and in the centre of each scallop fell a small silk tassel.

A rash of plush seems to have broken out all over, not only in articles of dress, but fancy work. We never dreamed before that so many articles could be made of plush, covered with plush. Trays of all sizes, frames to hold mirrors and photographs, writing desks, albums of every kind, fans, purses, hand warmers, and what not, are all clothed in plush of many colors, and of more or less artistically shabby appearance. It must be quite a consolation for a thrifty housewife to know now how to convert her discarded furniture plush into articles of fashion.

One legitimate and time-honored application of plush, however, took our fancy very much. It is a reticule, such as our grandmothers and belles of the Incroyable period used to wear. With its scroll-work and coat-of-arms embroidered in gold braid, it looks so quaint, homely and secure, that we venture to predict its wide-spread adoption.

By the bye, chatelaine and satchel pockets, as well as satchel muffs, are all the fashion, as we have had an opportunity to notice at various places, the Christmas shops having many quaint specimens on view, all copied from ancient models, and ornamented with fine jet, gold, silver, and colored braid, etc.

Answers to Inquirers.

B. A. K. (Waynesboro, Va.)—T. B. Peterson & Bros., this city.

H. H. (New York, N. Y.)—It is announced for the second week in January.

T. K. Mc.—Knowing nothing to the contrary, we believe the firm to be reliable.

IMPROVEMENT (St. Louis, Mo.)—Your writing is well adapted for either of the purposes mentioned.

READER. (Chalk Level, Mo.)—The first coinage of the silver dollar in this country took place in 1794.

J. S. D. (Clarke, Ga.)—Write to the "Scientific American," New York, enclosing a stamp for reply.

H. G. (Richland, Wis.)—The sun crosses the line going north on March 20th, and south on September 23d.

ANXIOUS, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The liability is affected by such peculiar circumstances that we cannot give an opinion. Your only plan is to see a lawyer.

M. (New Haven, Pa.)—We know nothing about the firm you speak of. We can recommend the "American Book Exchange," Tribune Building, New York.

PAMBO. (Tolland, Conn.)—Wait a while; you are young yet. The difference may not seem so great later on; but it would be absurd to think of the matter now, and wrong to do more than stand by for some five years to come at least.

B. J.—The only way we know of is to enclose the cards in an envelope and send them either by post or private messenger. There is no form in the matter at all. 2. Your handwriting is clear, bold, and legible, but hardly handsome in the sense that a lady's hand generally is.

JOHN L. M. (Wifebar, Iowa.)—If it is not too late, try to form a habit of keeping your thoughts engaged with the subject before you as a matter of duty. This may supercede the bad habit of leaving thought to be attracted instead of making it your instrument and yourself firmly grasping the reins.

INQUISITIVE, (Barbour W. Va.)—The traditions of life, history, and fact show that women are helpmeets for man; he is the head and leading person in the family. If you desire to learn the true place of woman, notice carefully the place assigned to her throughout the scriptures. Read the story of Boaz and Ruth. Women cannot take the initiative.

RUSSIA, (Newtown, N. J.)—The best remedy for chapped hands known to us can be made by mixing a quarter of a pound of unsalted hog's lard which has been washed in water with the yolks of two new-laid eggs and a tablespoonful of honey, and adding as much fine oatmeal as will work the mixture into a paste.

W. A. K. (White Rock, Kans.)—1. There was no competition at the Centennial between the different States as to which had the best soil. 2. If he likes the girl, he may, if he thinks it likely she will consent, ask her at once. Should he not think so, he had better wait till he does. We cannot suggest any particular form of words. If you are in earnest, they will come of themselves.

F. McB. (Palestine, Tex.)—1. Lavender, black or dark brown. 2. We hardly know what you mean by "waiters." If groomsmen, they will stand on the right hand side of the groom. The bridesmaids on the left hand of the bride. 3. In walking through a crowd on the street or in a public assemblage, it is always best to give the arm. There is nothing contrary to good taste in it under any circumstances, though it is not usual.

WATSON, (Benton, Ind.)—You are deluding yourself. If you have only seen the young lady once, and have no acquaintance with her, and do not know anybody that knows her, how do you know that she is "one of the best girls that ever lived?" You are of course infatuated just as every lover is and perhaps ought to be, but you should not allow your reason to be utterly dethroned. It is probable that you can find someone to introduce you to the young lady; if not, you must wait.

S. H. (Kirkwood, Ill.)—1. It is, we regret to say, deficient in every respect. 2. Strike on a piano a third from C to E. This will be major. Now flat E or sharp C and the result will be minor, that is lesser—the first third contains six semitones or half tones, while the minor has but five. This system of lessening and changing carried all through the science of music, constitute the minor keys. 3. Yes, you must call upon the married lady unless you wish to drop her acquaintance.

F. F. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—It is quite as impossible now as it was in the old days to add a cubit to the stature. Let one who feels himself so much aggrieved because nature has not given him more inches reflect how many great men who have been physically small. The height of figure does not afford any indication of the brain-power; although, as a matter of experience, the tall folk do not succeed as well in life as the short. There is more machinery, but not necessarily greater motive power in the tall of stature than in those who are shorter.

IGNORANT, (Franklin, O.)—There is no better mode of self-education than a course of well-chosen reading, with a good dictionary at hand to trace the precise meaning of every word which is not fully understood, and with a pencil to copy the spelling of unfamiliar words in order to impress it on the memory. A good encyclopedia of general information will serve admirably as a reading book; but it should be not merely skimmed, but studied, turning carefully to search out the meaning of every term not in common use, and hunting up every strange statement.

SARAH D. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—If you love the man, marry him, and never mind the scandal; if you do not love him, send him away; but in either case you cannot stop the tongues of gossips. As he first addressed your sister, and the engagement "was broken off," since which time "he and you have been very great friends indeed," people will insist that you have taken up with your sister's sweetheart. Perhaps you are quite right to do so. He might have been cast off through her fickleness, or weakness, or even wickedness, and you may be right in continuing his friendship; but as a rule, when a lover discards his sweetheart, her family should discard him.

W. F. E. (Lodi, California.)—1. We cannot tell which is the best, and it is against our rules to advertise such matters in this column. Send a postal addressed to yourself and we will forward the information. This answer will also apply to question 3. 2. We do not know. 4. The best age for the man is about 27; the woman 22 to 25. 5. Digest three quarters of a pound of bruised nut-galls in a gallon of cold water; add six ounces sulphate of iron and an equal weight of gum arabic, with four or five drops of creosote. Let it stand three weeks occasionally shaking it, after which decant the clear fluid. 6. To preserve and soften leather, take of linseed oil, one pint and a half; yellow resin, two ounces; beeswax, six ounces. Melt together over a slow fire; then add one pint of neat's-foot oil; half a pint of spirits of turpentine; which are to be well mixed with it. 7. Instead of washing the chapped hands with soap, employ oatmeal, and after each washing take a little dry oatmeal, and rub over the hands, so as to absorb any moisture. 8. It is a matter of taste. If the parties are well acquainted and desire to get married, they may do so immediately. There is no necessity for a long courtship.

GOUGH, (Bucks, Pa.)—The "Island of the Seven Cities" is not a real but a legendary island. The legend is that at the time of the conquest of Spain and Portugal by the Moors, when the inhabitants fled in every direction to escape slavery, seven bishops, followed by a multitude of people, took shipping and abandoned themselves to their fate on the high seas. After tossing about for a time, they landed upon an unknown island in the midst of the ocean. Here the bishops burned their ships to prevent the desertion of their followers, and founded seven cities. Hence the name—the "Island of the Seven Cities." The traditions represented the island as abounding in gold, silver, and precious stones and covered with magnificent houses and temples that shone in the distance with dazzling splendor. In the days of Columbus these legends were very popular, and thousands of adventurous spirits were eager to go in quest of this fabled island. But all efforts to find it proved futile, and it finally became the popular belief among seamen that any navigators who landed upon its shores were never permitted to depart, and that in this way the locality of the "Island of the Seven Cities" was kept from the knowledge of mankind. This belief furnished the superstitious people of that age a ready means of accounting for the fate of many a missing ship. They said it had touched at the "Island of the Seven Cities," and had been destroyed and all on board kept on the island; and of course the relatives and sweethearts and lovers of the missing ones kept up a romantic hope that they would sometime escape and come home; and so the belief in the legend was handed down from generation to generation.